Fit "TripleX" -and be safe STANDARD do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIX No. 1944 | WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC | APRIL 24 1937

MARTELL
CORDON BLEU

A VERY FINE LIQUEUR BRANDY

—and there's EXTRA
Very expensive, but MARTELL'S finest liqueur brandy 70 years in cask

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

The future of these little ones depends on you

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls. Please rally round and help to maintain this large family
DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.

N·S·P·C·C
Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

Wickham Court
HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Half an hour from City and West End. Telephone: Springpark 2000.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn), with original panelling, fireplaces, etc.; in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of Hotels.

Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath. Tennis, billiards, dances, car service to station—all free. Also FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds. in length). Squash Rackets.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS
Write for illustrated brochure.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from
4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, W. 1

THIS typical illustration shows the damage that Dry Rot and Insect Pests can do to good sound timber when it is not adequately protected by a genuine wood preservative. Solignum Wood Preserving Stain would have prevented this damage.

The protective qualities of Solignum are such that White Ants and other pests will not attack, and Dry Rot spores cannot exist on, timber that has been treated with Solignum Wood Preservative. It is far cheaper to see that all timber is thoroughly protected with Solignum, than to pay the heavy cost of renewals and replacements of timber that has become useless and dangerous through the lack of this necessary protection. Time, the only real test, has proved how essential it is that Solignum should be used. Substitutes always fail.

WOOD PRESERVING STAIN **SOLIGNUM** & WHITE ANT DESTROYER

SOLE MAKERS & PROPRIETORS: SOLIGNUM LIMITED, 205 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

No Trains, Trams, or Trespassboards. Get Away from the Crowds! Spend Your Holidays in

ARRAN

on the breezy Firth of Clyde, a wonderful island of Mountains and Crags, Moors and Glens. Arran is free from holiday mobs and nerve-jarring noises. The quiet of the hills and the joys and gaiety of the shore and sea are there to be enjoyed as you will. Up-to-date holiday accommodation. *Easily reached, L.M.S. via Ardrossan, Gourock, Wemyss Bay or Fairlie. Monthly Return Tickets. Illustrated Guide, post free 2d., from Publicity Secretary (Dept. 15), Hollybush, Brodick, Arran.*

TRAIN SICKNESS

Speed in Comfort
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

£30 to £5,000 lent
without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen. Write
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD.
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

ROYAL AIR FORCE
VACANCIES FOR PILOTS

Candidates are required in large numbers for short service commissions to train and serve as pilots. No previous flying experience is necessary.

Age 17½ to 25 years

They must be educated to the standard of the School Certificate, be unmarried and of good physique.

Appointments are for four years, followed by six years' reserve service.

Gratuity of £300 payable

Apply (by post card) to Secretary (Dept. S.7, T.S.) Air Ministry, London.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY
2/6
(Postage 4d. extra)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.,
32-34, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4

GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS
last a lifetime

Send for Coronation Catalogue No. 124 to
THOS. GREEN & SON, LTD.,
Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, 2 and
New Surrey Works, Southwark St., London, S.E.1

FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD
GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS
MOTOR MOWERS ROLLERS &c

GREEN'S MAKE MOWERS FOR ALL PURPOSES

AUSTRALIA
TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65 year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it today but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
HIMROD'S CURE

BOGNOR REGIS "DALBEATTIE" West Parade
"The House in the Sun"
Select Private Hotel for Rest, Health and Comfort. Apply Manageress. 'Phone 1492

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
Rendells
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 24, 1937

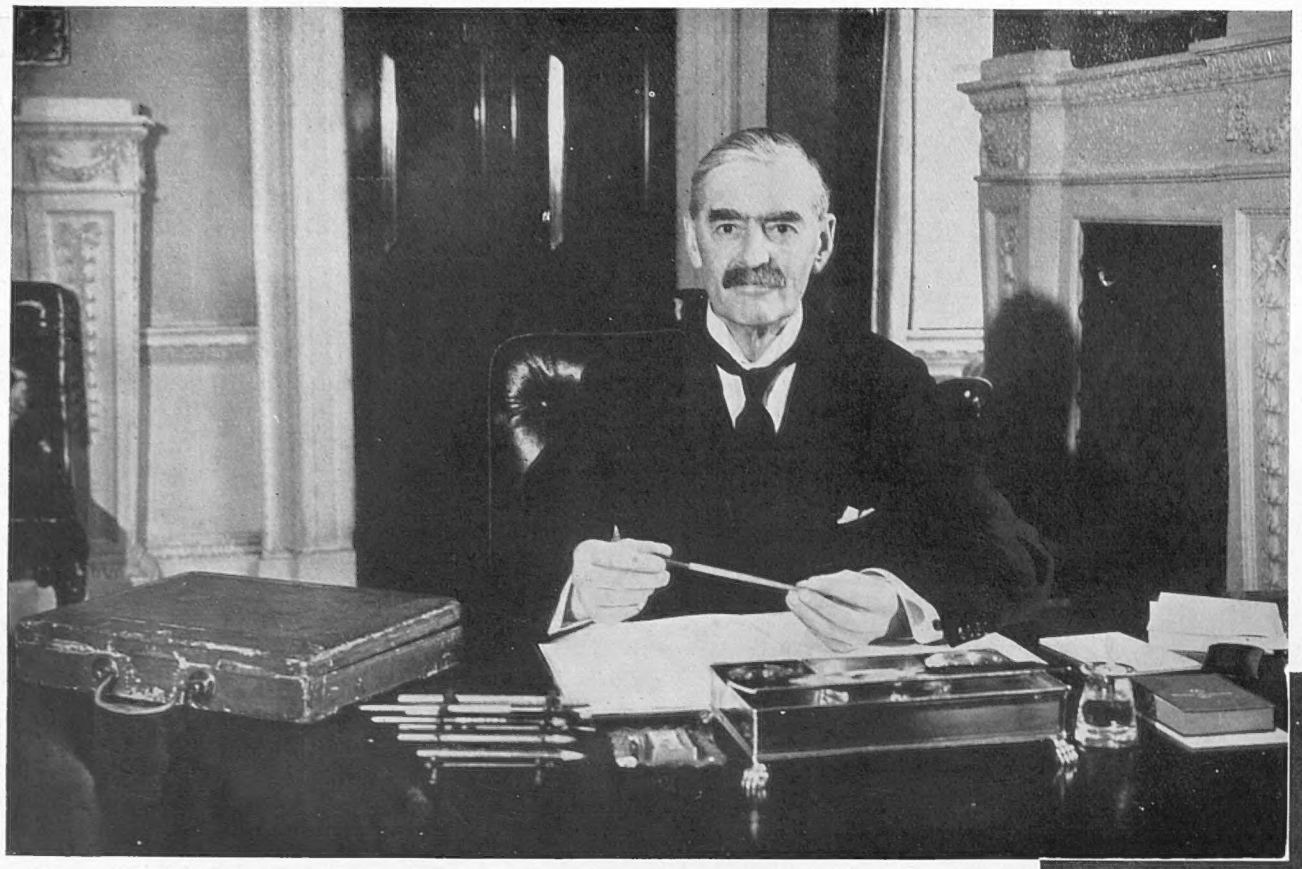
LONDON'S DAWN PARADE

THE GREAT CORONATION REHEARSAL

A Crowd 20 to 30 ft. Deep in Waterloo Place Watching a Detachment of Infantry Marching Past with Fixed Bayonets in the Early Hours of Sunday Morning

In the cold grey light of Sunday's dawn, while the night mists still clung to the wind-whipped waters of the Thames, and long before trains, trams, or omnibuses were running, a host of Londoners made their way on foot, on bicycles, and in motor cars to the silent heart of the West End, giving up their usual rest and losing another hour by reason of the change over to summer time. As early as 3 a.m. they began to line the streets and perch themselves on the gaunt scaffolding of half-built grandstands in readiness to watch the great Coronation rehearsal—a mighty dawn parade arranged for the purpose of testing how smoothly the main part of the Royal procession could assemble at the Abbey after the ceremony and be joined later by the troops waiting near Waterloo Place. Every operation was carefully timed and when the rehearsal was over the Crown Equerry said that all had gone according to plan. To the multitudes assembled along the route it was a stirring spectacle as column after column of marching men, their bayonets flashing, swung past in the van of the gilded coach of State drawn by the Windsor greys—a sight that drew a special cheer—and though the streets were drab and bannerless, with only here and there a hint of the glories that are to be, it was, despite its incompleteness, a thrilling foretaste of the pageantry of May 12. Few who saw it grudged those hours of rest renounced nor went away without their pulses quickened

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



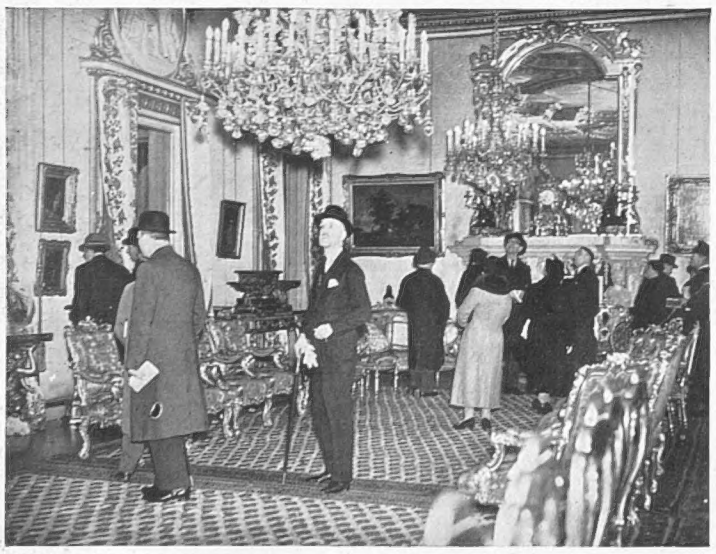
AUTHOR OF SIX CONSECUTIVE BUDGETS: This is the feat of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister designate, who last Tuesday presented the nation's accounts to Parliament for almost certainly the last time and thus rounded off a career at the Treasury that has been notable for the gradual restoration of financial confidence through a policy based, to a large extent, on a system of Protection and Cheap Money. The Chancellor's six consecutive budgets do not constitute a record, Mr. Gladstone having exceeded him by one in 1860-66 and Mr. Lloyd George by the same margin in 1909—1915

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, April 21, 1937.

MR. BALDWIN'S GOOD-BYES.

—Mr. Baldwin took leave of Bewdley a month before he will take leave of his colleagues and his major responsibilities, and by his speech to his constituents he gave to 100 journalists the opportunity of preparing their notes for a coming estimate of his worth and an appreciation of his services to England. Since 1914 it has been rare to find in England the right man in the right place—at least at the top. Yet we have no real cause to complain because at the very top we found two men—King George V and Mr. Baldwin—who could not conceivably have been improved on. English to the backbone, they proved alike in essential qualities—simplicity, frankness, courage, patience, love of England, calmness, restraint, toleration. They were both great gentlemen and great Englishmen. And (as Creevey reported Wellington's own words about himself on a famous occasion) "By God I don't think it would have done" if they had not been where they were when they were there. The time has not come to speak of Mr. Baldwin as an actor who has passed from the centre of the stage, there are important roles ahead for him yet. But Bewdley may not see him again as its member. Worcestershire is very much old England and Mr. Baldwin is a Worcestershire man. For nearly half his life, following his father, he has represented Bewdley and the views of sane, conservative, patriotic Englishmen. His slogan has never been "safety first," but he has favoured a speed limit in the built-up area of modern social and political life. When the motor car replaced the two-horse wagonette Mr. Baldwin was no crusty, uncompromising Tory and hater of change. Politically he is not one who would have preserved the regulation that a footman with a red flag should precede the new horseless carriage. On the contrary. He has put many new laws on the Statute Book, and it would be difficult to find ten in a hundred that have not been socialistic in tendency. If ever sane socialism has had its fling, it has had it under the administration of this typically English, conservative country gentleman, and that is why he has never had to face a serious Opposition. He understands the English character and the English Constitution, because he loves and has constantly studied them, and he knows that both are engines which cannot be raced. "Go slow" has been his motto and it has brought him a lot of criticism even from among his supporters; charges of laziness, and over much tolerance, and too much easiness of mind. It is when England sees his broad back disappearing into the distance that she realises what she is losing, and notes how broad were those shoulders and remembers how finely they carried so enormous a load. In the past twenty years the normal evolution of a century has taken place in our social life and in the political life of civilisation. What has kept England firm as an isolated rock in a raging and ever-changing sea? We must come to the only conclusion possible. It is the British character guided by the one man in the available few of his generation who so understood it that he could direct it along the narrow and vital channel, neither into the backwater nor yet into the mill-race, but majestically to its destiny and enlargement in the broad and serene sea. What Bewdley said yesterday, Britain will say to-morrow. Therefore, as a shrewd journalist, I take the opportunity to say it to-day. Mr. Baldwin has certainly done his bit. Now he asks to be allowed to grow old gracefully. It is a thing ex-premiers have found exceedingly difficult to do. I think Mr. Baldwin will succeed, for he can be graceful even at the microphone's business end.



ROTHSCHILD TREASURES AT AUCTION: Members of the public inspecting the contents of one of the salons of Mr. Victor Rothschild's home at 148, Piccadilly, prior to the great sale which started there last Monday. On the first day a new English auction record for a De Hooch picture was set up when Mr. Colin Agnew bid £17,500 for his "Dutch Courtyard," while during the day the Dutch and Flemish masters numbering twenty-one canvases made a total of very nearly £34,000

THE CORONATION MARKET.

—The stern laws of supply and demand are shaking out the Coronation market healthily. It is amusing to observe, what the experienced forecast, that the price of second-class seats is tumbling, and before the great day those who wait will be able to secure a bird's-eye view of the roof of the royal coach and the tops of the helmets and hats of the bigwigs for £2 or less. For only the very tyro was ready to pay £10 for what the London pigeons can get for nothing (without being plucked). Market prophets have been curiously confounded over the letting of London houses. In February people with houses — modern, clean, labour-saving houses in Mayfair and Belgravia and select Kensington—were holding out for 50 or 40 guineas a week. Today most London house agents will tell you that you can only let your house before the Coronation by giving it away. You can get a modernised London house in a good quarter for May and June for 8 guineas a week and less—at a lower price than last year. I expect two things account for the slump—the servant difficulty which prevents overseas visitors taking private houses, and the unexpectedly large number of London householders who have already made arrangements to leave London in May and June, either tempted by dreams of fabulous rents or funking the crowds and discomfort of the capital. The hotels on the South Coast at any rate are at the moment abnormally full. A curious reversal of the probabilities. There is a truth which cannot be concealed and I fancy could not be avoided. The Coronation of a most democratic sovereign is being turned into a veritable field day for privilege and bureaucracy. Only the privileged and the bureaucrats can yet taste the splendours of the feast at economic prices, or hope to take a part in the pageantry. Those outside the charmed circles must pay high for a peep even at the 'ooves of the 'orses, and the prospect of compensatory profits from the pockets of visitors grows ever more distant and dim. The Coronation ceremonies are firmly based on traditions all of which have

their roots deep buried in an age of privilege and oligarchy. And in the course of preparation for every Coronation, the same reaction has punctually arrived, in the minds of the upper middle class first and foremost. Those responsible become drunk with the heady fumes of the old vintage—all the protagonists and chief actors are the holders of storied titles and ancient names and offices. The stalls and the stage are exclusively reserved for the circle of privilege and of bureaucracy, and a sudden discovery that the pit and gallery at famine prices will hardly accommodate the 99/100ths of the nation which felt at first it was essentially their show, brings the inevitable reaction at exactly the same stage. One's personal memories and the memoirs of diarists from the reign of George IV onwards testify to the fact with curious exactness. Those who feel the reaction have only themselves to blame, since they have greedily gulped down the rich and splendid fare and asked for more—and are now conscious of a certain indigestion with its attendant sense of disillusion. We need not therefore take too seriously the grouses of

NOVELTIES IN THE NEW COINAGE: A selection of the latest additions to the British currency now being struck by the Royal Mint. Top—An obverse bearing the King's effigy designed for the series by Mr. T. H. Paget. Second row—Reverses of the crown, the half-crown, the florin, and the shilling. The florin represents the greatest departure, being unlike anything that has hitherto appeared on a coin in this country. It shows a Crowned Rose flanked by a Thistle and a Shamrock above a divided G.R. Third row—The sixpence with the crowned Imperial monogram, G.R.I., the silver threepenny-piece with an incuse shield of St. George, and the second of the two kinds of shilling, which shows the King's crest for Scotland with its sejeant lion crowned and holding sword and sceptre. Bottom row—The second of the new threepenny pieces, with its twelve sides and bunch of thrift design; the penny with the lighthouse once again in evidence; the halfpenny with its sailing ship; and the farthing with the Royal Wren

disappointed aldermen or town councillors, or fear that any viewpoint however remote and humble will be unoccupied "on the night." Some of the seats may be occupied by "paper"—but that will be the result of economic laws, because those who had seats to sell opened their mouths too wide for too long. Accommodation in London is still neither hard to find nor unbearably expensive.

OUR LITTLE WARS.

We still must pay the price of Empire on the North West Frontier of India—responsibilities outlive privileges. The Fakir of Ipi has already cost us a deal of trouble and taken a valuable toll in human lives, and now at least 30,000 troops are concentrated at Waziristan for a big drive against him. He is difficult to pin down, being an artist at guerilla warfare in an ideal country for his "ambush and run" tactics. The tribesmen he inflames are well armed and do not much fear air attacks. Among the troops concentrated are the 1st Northants and the 2nd A. and S. Highlanders, with the 8th Tank Company and several British mountain batteries. Major General de Burgh is in command and no soldier will envy him his job. It is quite a serious bit of trouble, but the Government of India at least foots the bill. The curious thing is that after every one of these costly little wars, we sink back to the *status quo ante:* and then green troops must learn the bitter lessons again.

ROYAL TREASURES.

—I recall from that great play *His House in Order* some words said by Hilary Jesson to Nina in one of its big moments:—"In my den at Montiago I've a collection of odds and ends—souvenirs, reminders of hours gaily spent, profitably spent, ill-spent . . . a shoe, a glove, a fan or two . . . a cigarette half smoked, which has been pressed by the lips of an Empress." I have sometimes smiled at this catalogue of nothings, the harvest of a diplomat's career, and quaint conceits. But we must all worship at some shrine and the most obvious earthly shrine is the nearest throne. A "cigarette pressed by the lips of an Empress" has an enhanced value in our eyes. We needs must love the highest when we see it. So that in the sweet cause of charity—the urgent need for rebuilding the Westminster Hospital—an exhibition of the relics and toys and personal belongings of Royalties was a bright idea for charming the guineas from capacious pockets, especially during the Coronation season, and I doubt not the Royal Treasures Exhibition now open at 5, Great Stanhope Street is reaping a golden harvest. One half-smoked cigarette is very much like another of its kind, but Royalties are apt to get the best of what is going and it is not mere royal associations but merit and beauty in art which make this show well worth seeing. There are lovely things as well as historic, and they would be worth seeing for their artistic merit alone. As it is, the exhibition catches everyone, critic, sensation lover, and blind worshipper of Royalty. I went to see it chiefly from personal curiosity, for I lent some royal relics for exhibition, and wished to see how they looked among the exhibits. But the charm and beauty of the display kept me pleased and interested long after I had satisfied my own ignoble curiosity. Hilary Jesson's Empress was a sad and unfortunate woman, and some of those who once handled those toys and treasures were mad and sad and bad. But their morals and their misfortunes and their maladies have left no dingy marks on their *objets d'art.*

A V.C.'s DEATH.

—Gunner Sullivan, member of the Australian Coronation contingent and a V.C., recklessly exposed himself during the war (on the Russian front 1919) to appalling dangers. He took every conceivable risk and a thousand fell beside him while he escaped. Certainly since 1914 every V.C. may be confidently said to have faced death a score of times, as the known war histories of the twelve V.Cs who paid Sullivan the last honours clearly prove. Sullivan in piping times of peace came to London on a mission essentially peaceful and safe. If he had fallen a victim to a juggernaut car or lorry on a speedway, we should have shaken our heads in sorrow and admitted reluctantly that London and our main roads account for as many casualties as a world-war. But he met his death walking in a London park by a stumble on the kerb. And that is a rare form of accident, as rare as in old days it was for a man to be run over and killed by a four wheeler. It is tragedy and paradox. If it teaches any lesson, it seems to prove the absurdity of precaution in any form at any time. But it is tragic irony, with or without a lesson, and so I thought as I waited in a queue of cars in front of the Palace, as the sad cortège wound slowly past Queen Victoria's statue.

A YOUNG MAN'S JOB.—

The impression that the Governorships of Bombay and Madras and provincial governorships in the Dominions are suddenly being allotted to "mere boys" is not borne out by the facts. These posts have for many years been regarded as a young man's job, and although Lord Brabourne's appointment to Bombay at the age of thirty-six was perhaps a record, it was no precedent. Youth has proved itself moreover. Sir George Lloyd was appointed at the age of thirty-nine to Bombay and Lord Erskine to Madras at the same age. Mr. Roger Lumley, who is to succeed Lord Brabourne, is forty years old. He is a nephew and the heir of Lord Scarbrough and he lives already at the famous family seat, Lumley Castle, brown and frowning and superb and a sight for railway travellers through Durham which rivals Durham Cathedral. The castle contains wonderful treasures, most interesting perhaps some contemporary busts of Elizabethans. Mr. Lumley's seat, now to be vacated, is York, and Lord Halifax's son who will succeed him will be no odds-on favourite. Of perhaps 50,000, "probables" among electors, the Conservative majority was in 1935 but 6,000 and Conservatives are notoriously slack at by-elections. Mr. Lumley married a daughter of the late Mr. R. F McEwen of Marchmont and has a family of young children. It is one of the reasons no doubt why many suitable young men feel compelled to refuse such appointments, since the difficulties of education and the family separation are serious considerations.

FRANCO.

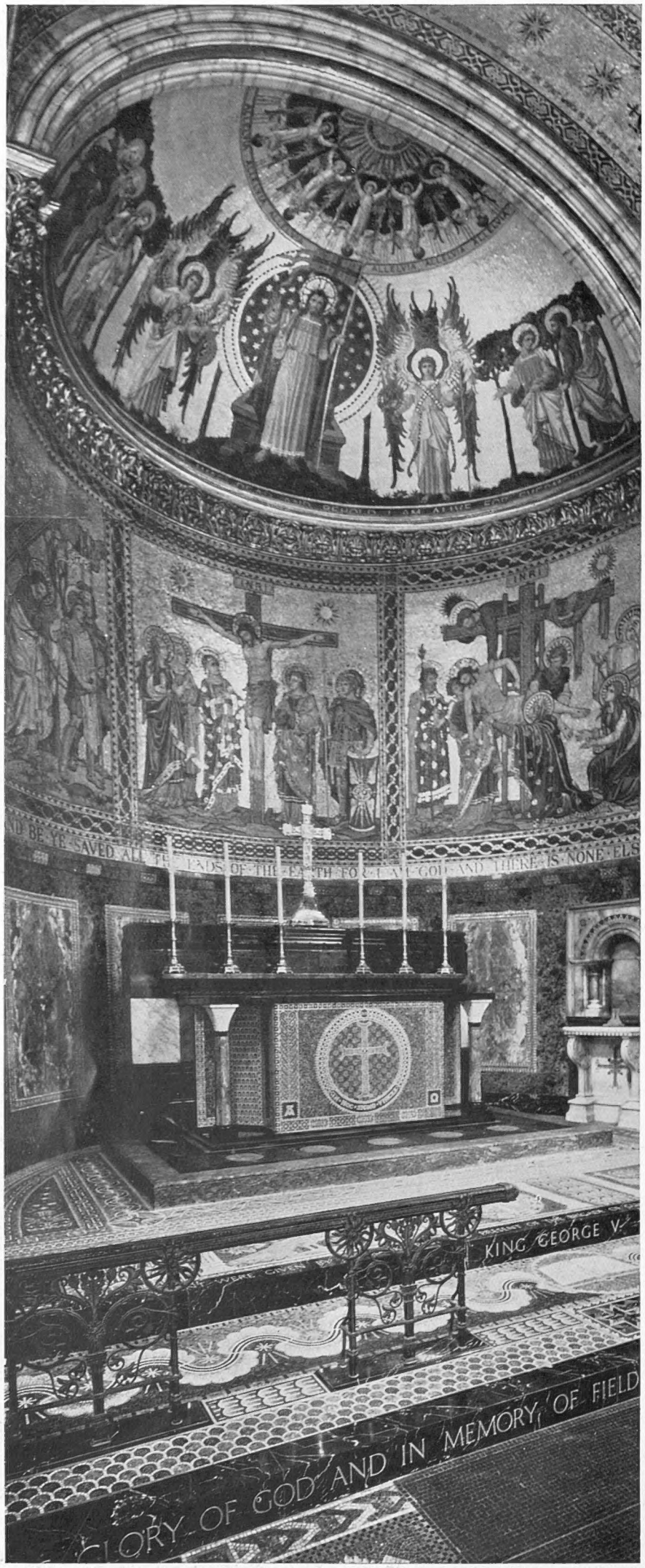
—Rumour gained currency last week that Franco was being urged to resign the military direction of the insurgent campaign in favour of Mola and to concentrate on his administrative duties as head of the Salamanca "government." It was assumed—for the i's and t's of rumours must be dotted and crossed—that this was Italy's first move to re-establish the morale and reputation of the Italian contingent; and that the news was passed from Rome to Berlin for "general release." Rumour is rumour and Spanish rumour not a bad substitute for "Russian Scandal." But rumour, if never very reliable, is always interesting and sometimes significant This is not the time to examine the frail thing. But one may comment that if it ever prove to be true that Franco is superseded by pressure from Italy or Germany, that fact will be a curiously damning proof of the constantly reiterated allegations of the Madrid Government. Indeed, Franco's resignation as war leader (now that that particular rumour has been current) would seem to be almost the last decision that Franco dare take, so damning would be its immediate implications throughout Europe.

TORQUAY.

—Even when wrapped in mist Torquay is an enchanting spot. On the quayside in early morning you would swear you were in a foreign town. Last week the illusion of foreignness was intensified by the presence of scores of German cadets—bright, attractive boys from the big German training ship and ex-war vessel anchored close in shore. Her presence brought down from London Herr von Ribbentrop and a big contingent of Germans for an inspection of the ship and a general jollification, and German was the language most often heard on the waterfront. THE OLD STAGER

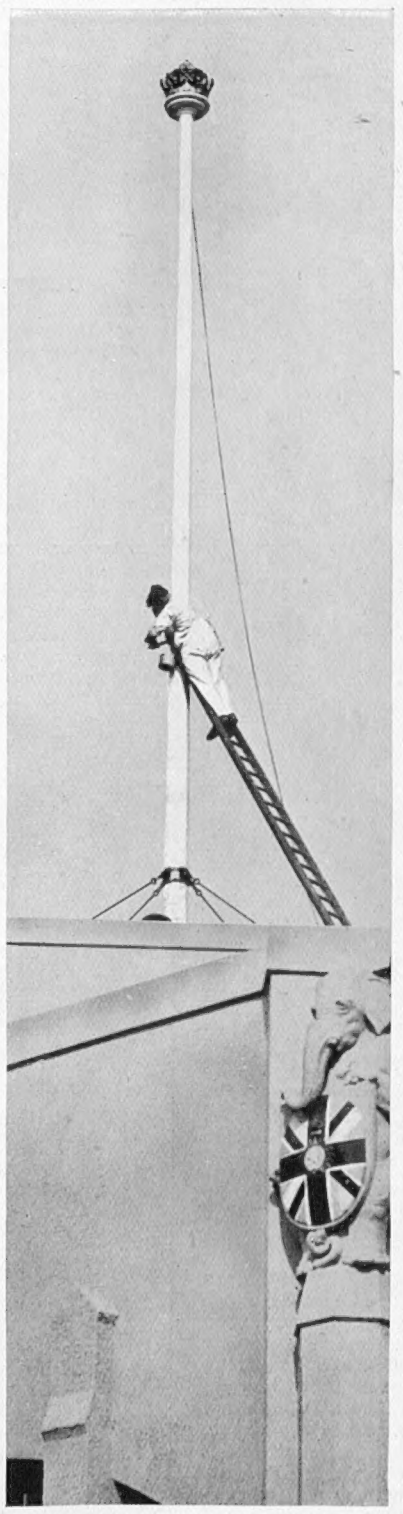
ROYAL PORTRAITURE AT THE CORONATION ACADEMY: The portrait of George V by Sir Arthur Cope, K.C.V.O., R.A., and that of George VI by Simon Elwes being hung side by side in the Central Hall at Burlington House in readiness for the opening on Monday, May 3. Mr. Elwes is one of our younger portraitists

THE WEEK AT HOME



AN ARMY TRIBUTE: The new sanctuary pavement and altar at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, which were unveiled by the King last Tuesday as a memorial to King George V. The work was carried out to the design of Sir Nevile Wilkinson, K.C.V.O., Ulster King of Arms, and was subscribed for by all ranks of the Brigade of Guards, both past and present. The step which leads up to the pavement of the sanctuary commemorates Lord Methuen, while the first step beyond the Communion rail bears on its riser the simple inscription "King George V," deeply carved in gilded letters on the black marble and plainly visible from the central parts of the nave. The mosaic of the pavement beyond the marble step embodies three symbolic panels, the Kyrie symbol in the centre and on each side a peacock beneath a vine. The altar has a richly decorated mosaic front in which the Cross provides the central theme in a circular diaper pattern

MORE TROOPS FOR THE CORONATION: Members of the New Zealand contingent, consisting of nine officers and forty-one men, marching through London from St. Pancras to Wellington Barracks, following their arrival last Monday, when large crowds turned out to greet them. The contingent includes three V.C.s



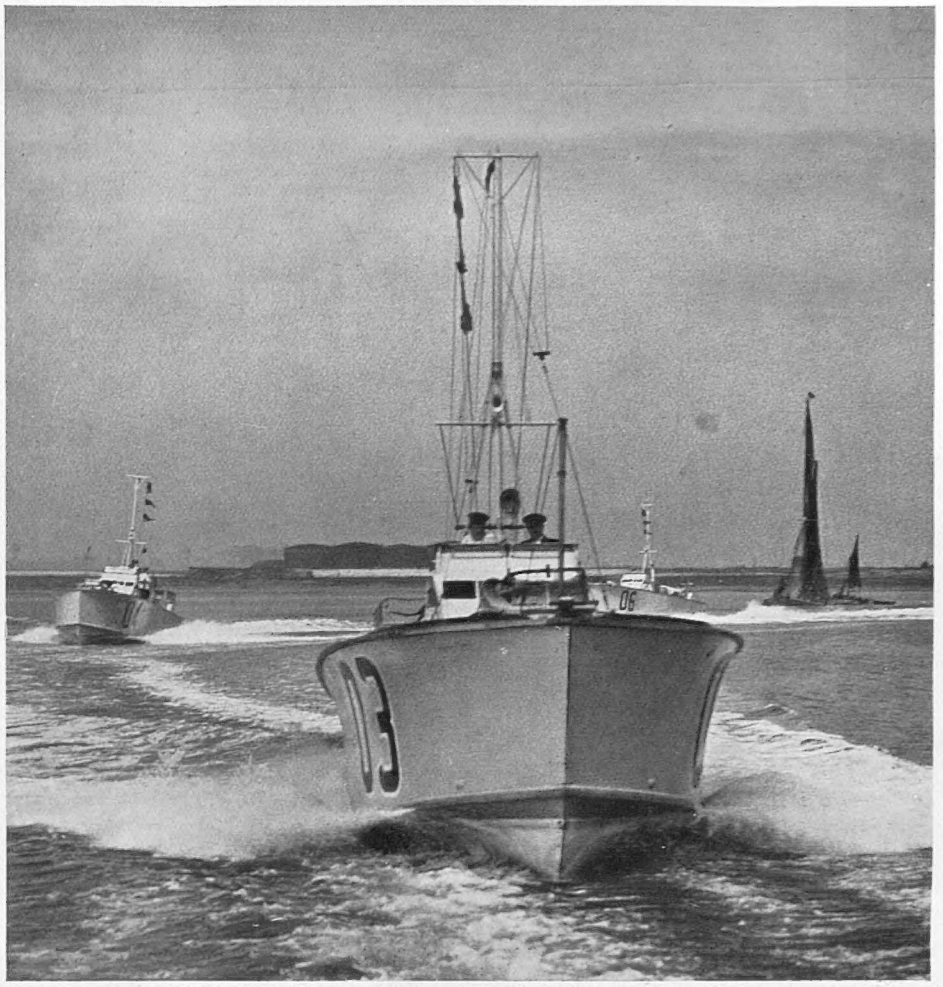
FINISHING TOUCHES: Painting the flag pole which rises above the Royal Annexe built at the west door of the Abbey. The moment the King enters the Annexe on Coronation Day the royal standard is broken from this pole and remains flying until he leaves

OFFICERS FROM ALL BRANCHES O at Lulworth, Dorset, last week, whe

CROWN JEWELS IN REPLICA: Mr. Davy, of White's, Drury Lane, arriving at the Abbey with a set of imitations of the Regalia for use in the Coronation service rehearsal

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL TO GEORGE V UNVEILED : THE NEW ZEALANDERS IN LONDON : GERMANY'S AMBASSADOR VISITS TORQUAY : REGALIA REPLICAS FOR ABBEY REHEARSAL

HERR VON RIBBENTROP AT TORQUAY: The German Ambassador giving the Nazi salute as he inspected cadets on board the German training ship and ex-war vessel *Schlesien* which paid a visit to this west country resort last week. (See the Old Stager's comment at the foot of p. 139 in this issue)



ROYAL ESCORT: Units in the flotilla of fast, new motor torpedo-boats which are to accompany the King and Queen on April 27 when they go by water from Westminster to Greenwich to open the National Maritime Museum. Their Majesties, who in making this journey are reviving an historic Royal custom, will travel in a craft very similar to an Admiral's barge

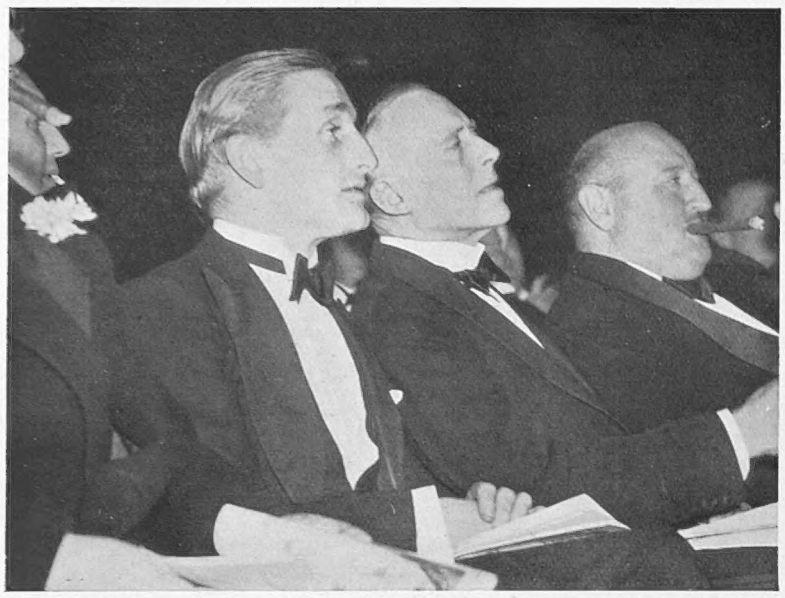
THE BRITISH ARMY attended battle practice at the Tank Gunnery School tank [illegible]ws demonstrated with machine, Lewis, and three-pounder guns

THE ADVANCE GUARD of Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet arrived at Southampton on April 19 in the *Normandie* in readiness to take part in Covent Garden's Coronation ballet season. Left to right—Irina Baronova, Morosova, Sono Osato, Tatiana Riabouchinska, and Tamara Grigorieva. They have just completed a highly successful 13,000-mile tour of the United States

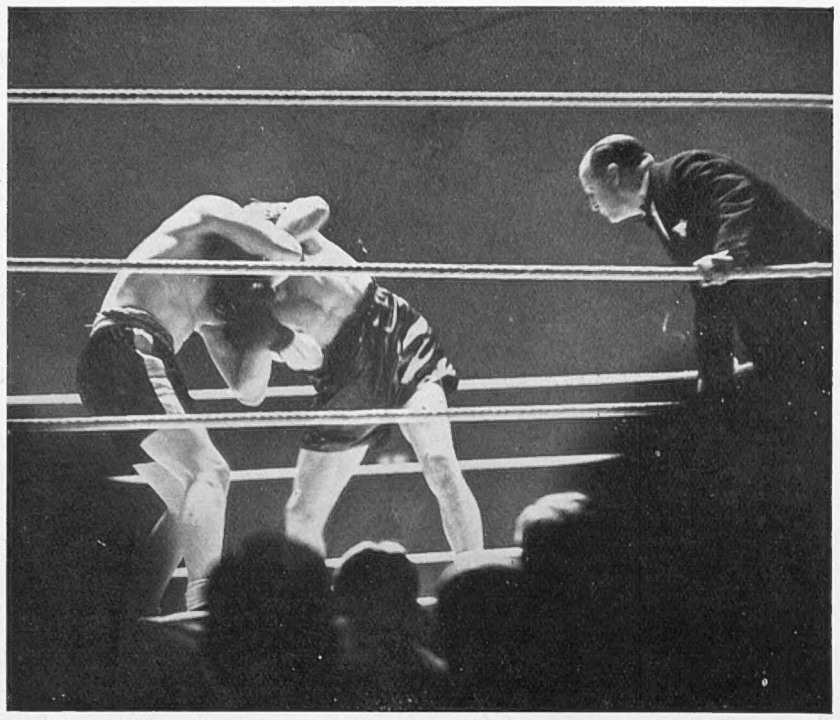
HIDDEN TALENT: This large-scale picture of the Crucifixion was recently revealed to the general gaze when a house in Bargate Street, Southampton, was sold for demolition. It appears that it is the work of a local house painter of fifty years ago whose ambition it was to paint life-size murals on religious subjects in the manner of the Flemish masters. He completed the picture in his spare time, using as background the wall directly facing a stairway window

THRILLS OF THE FARR-BAER DUEL

How the British and Empire Heavyweight Champion Beat the Former World Title Holder in Last Week's Great Bout at Harringay Stadium

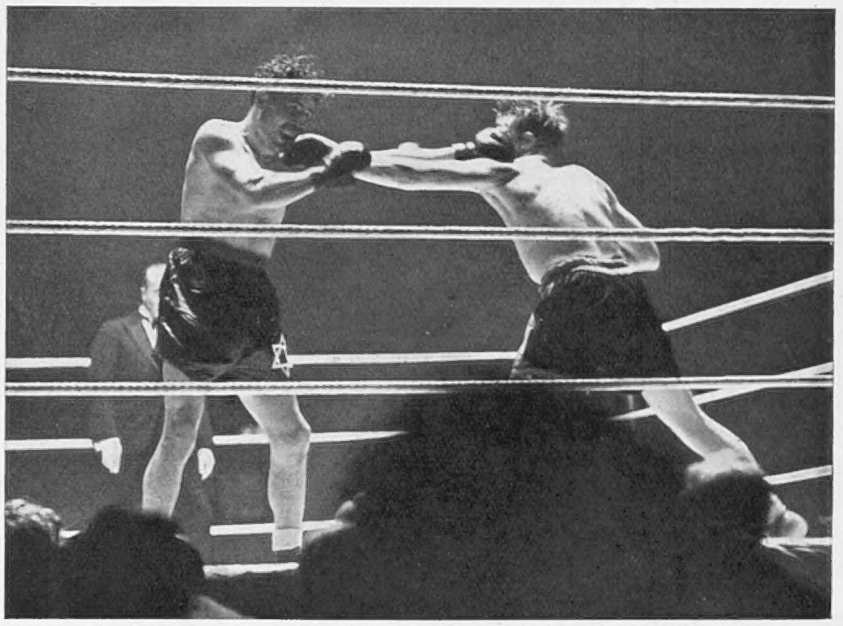


FIGHT FANS: Lord Burghley (left), the great athlete, and Lord Castlerosse (right), the columnist, were among the host of notabilities occupying ringside seats at last week's thrilling fight between Max Baer, the former world heavyweight champion, and Tommy Farr, the newly crowned British and Empire heavyweight title holder. Before the start the Welshman's chances were regarded as slender in the extreme, but in the end he won handsomely on points



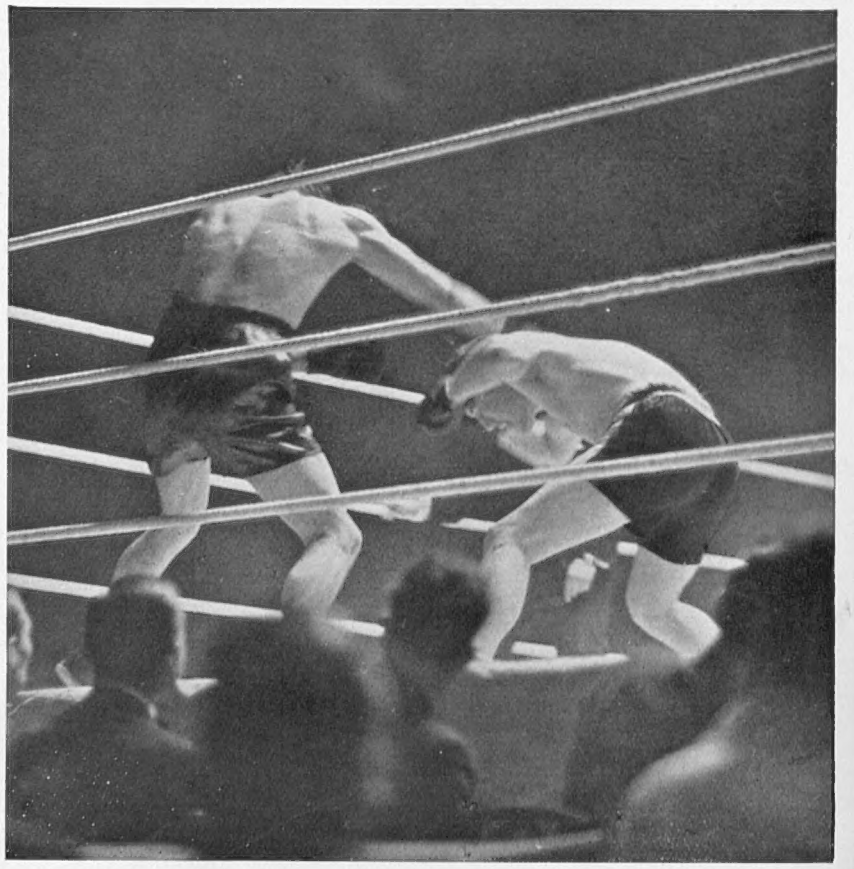
CLOSE QUARTERS: Farr (striped shorts) and Baer in one of the clinches. The contest was remarkably free from such interplay, and consequently benefited enormously as a spectacle. Much to everyone's surprise the Welshman showed aggression from the start, pushing his straight lefts on to the tip of the American's nose with almost monotonous regularity; and although not all his punches had real sting behind them, he scored steadily, before long piling up a formidable lead

COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE: Walter Neusel, the German boxer who has of recent years made London his headquarters and beaten some of our best heavyweights, was a particularly interested spectator on account of the fact that Farr may shortly be matched against him. The two men are much alike in appearance, but in style have practically nothing in common



SWOPPING PUNCHES: While Baer's left misses and goes over Farr's shoulder, the latter gets the better of the exchange by connecting lightly with the American's jaw. Another incident in the fight which throughout the twelve rounds was packed with incident. Towards the finish Baer, realising no doubt how desperately slender were his chances, crowded on the pace in the hope of snatching the victory that he and everyone else knew was fast vanishing; but Farr was not to be denied

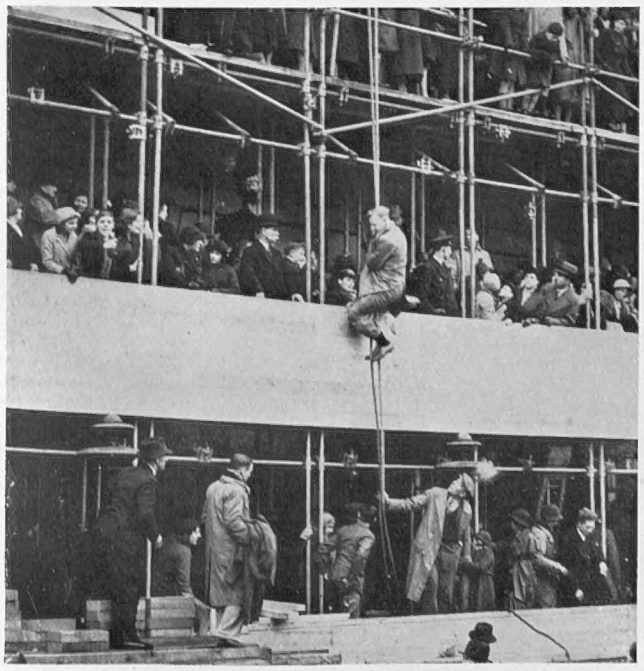
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE LOOKS ON: Lord Hewart of Bury, who has not seen a boxing contest for many years, watched the fight in a green eyeshade



FARR DUCKS to avoid a stinging right from Baer during the closing stages of the bout. At the finish Farr was declared the winner without a single moment's hesitation

Tommy Farr, previously regarded by many as a very moderate holder of the British and Empire Championships, struck a doughty blow for British boxing last week when he fought Max Baer to a standstill and in doing so proved himself superior to the American in every department. 12,000 people paid £20,000 to see the contest, among them a host of Welshmen who had journeyed to London for the occasion

"IT'S A DOG'S LIFE" thinks the chow as he sits tied at the foot of one of the half-completed stands while his master perches himself above to watch the Coronation rehearsal. A sidelight on last Sunday's great dawn parade



PACKED STANDS *at the* CORONATION PRE-VIEW

IN "THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY": *On left*—Spectators packing one of the half-completed stands in Waterloo Place; accommodation that on May 12 will be occupied by people who have paid fabulous prices. *On right*—Colonel Sir Arthur Erskine (in foreground), the Crown Equerry, and Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, superintending the rehearsal

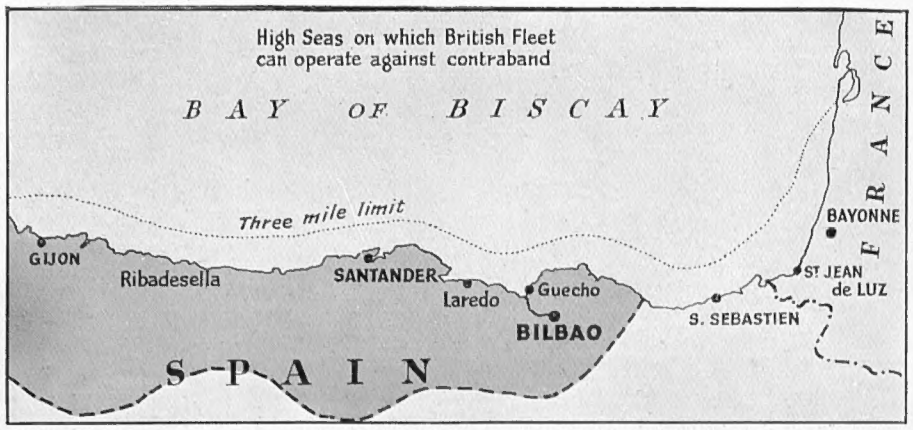
IN THE WAR-TORN BASQUE COUNTRY: Men of the insurgent Labour Corps re-building a badly shelled road to prepare the way for the advance of General Franco's troops on Bilbao, the Basque capital, which during the past fortnight has been the main centre of the Spanish conflict

"LE LUNDI FERMETURE": Police keeping people on the move in Paris last Monday when shop assistants were picketing stores in the main shopping areas to make sure that the new Monday closing regulation was strictly applied. This is only one feature of labour troubles in the French capital, which would appear to be increasing rather than diminishing

WINNING NEW CONCESSIONS: Artistes talking over the latest developments in the dressing-room of a theatre during the stay-in strike in the Paris entertainment industry which broke out last week-end following upon the refusal of employees to accept the award of the arbitrator called in to settle a dispute which has been smouldering for some months. By Monday the strikers had won their point and been given a new collective agreement

KING LEOPOLD shaking hands with a war veteran in the Senate building in Brussels after attending a service in memory of Nurse Cavell and the 35 Belgians who were condemned in 1915 for harbouring refugees

MORE PARIS STRIKES
And Other Continental Events



THE BASQUE COAST: A sketch map showing the position of Bilbao which Franco's gunboats have been attempting to blockade. The author of the accompanying article describes the technicalities of the whole situation, involving, as they do, questions of international law

THE RIGHTS OF BLOCKADE

A Brief Survey of a Question Brought into Prominence by Recent Events at Bilbao

Every month of Spain's civil war creates a fresh international problem and brings a different aspect of international relationships into prominence. This month General Franco's blockade, as it is called, of the Basque coast has been the subject of a parliamentary debate of first-class importance, and has made an obscure Welsh skipper a national figure whose comments on the situation command headlines on the front page. An Englishman does not need to be a supporter of Señor Caballero or a follower of Mr. Attlee to share the latter's anxiety that English merchantmen shall on their lawful occasions receive the protection of the British Fleet. An incident may at any moment provoke passions whose consequences none can foresee. At such a time it is necessary to try, before it is too late, to view the position calmly and in a true perspective. Two questions arise. What are an English merchantman's lawful occasions? Who has the right to judge of the occasions' lawfulness?

These questions involve problems of International Law which of necessity arise in any war in which the belligerents have access to the sea. They can be considered under two heads, contraband of war, and blockade. The two are distinct but easy to confuse.

WON FAME IN A WEEK: Captain David Jones, better known as "Potato Jones," skipper and part owner of the Cardiff steamer *Marie Llewellyn*, whose attempts to land a cargo of potatoes on the Basque coast in the face of rebel opposition were so widely commented upon in the Press

When two or more States are at war, a neutral Government is—or at any rate was before the covenant of the League of Nations and the obligation to impose sanctions under it had become part of the international system—under no obligation to interfere with its subjects' trade with any of the belligerent parties. But it has long been recognised that any of these has the right to capture a vessel carrying war materials to its enemies and to confiscate the materials. That the right to confiscate can apply to a civil war was clearly shown in the American Civil War. In every war questions have arisen as to what goods are to be classed as contraband. A distinction has arisen between absolute contraband and conditional contraband, the former being goods which are necessarily intended for military purposes, such as guns; and goods, or animals, like horses, which may or may not be so. In the case of the latter the belligerent has to show that they are on their way to a Government department or the enemy's forces. In modern warfare, when whole nations and not only their armies make war, the list of contraband goods has tended to increase; in the great war moss and lichen were classified as conditional contraband. The distinction between absolute and conditional contraband, which wore very thin in 1914–18, has some importance in the troubles of to-day. An English citizen is not unconditionally free to export arms; he must obtain a licence. But the Government does not restrict the export of moss, or lichen, or Captain Jones' potatoes.

Contraband goods can be confiscated anywhere on the high seas. A blockade is a restriction of quite a different nature. It is based on the claim conceded to naval belligerents, that they have the right "to stop all intercourse between neutrals and an enemy port or coastline which they are able to watch with a force sufficient to intercept and capture vessels attempting ingress or egress." It applies to all ships irrespective of the cargoes which they carry. A ship which attempts to break the blockade is liable to confiscation, and so is the cargo, unless the owner of the cargo can show that he did not know, and could not reasonably have known, that a blockade existed when the cargo was consigned to the vessel. The existence of a blockade must be notified, though the British Government has always repudiated the necessity of informing individual merchantmen. But mere notification is not enough, and if the blockading fleet cannot make it sufficiently effective to make ingress or egress a matter of real and continuous hazard, there is no obligation to recognise the blockade, and a neutral Power will intervene to prevent or punish interference with its shipping.

THEIR BISCAY BASE: Three British cargo vessels, laden with provisions for the beleaguered population of Bilbao, lying at anchor in the harbour of St. Jean de Luz, south-western France, before making an attempt to run the so-called rebel blockade. With them is a British warship. On Tuesday of this week one of the vessels *Seven Seas Spray*, with 4,000 tons of cargo aboard, was successful in slipping out of St. Jean without informing the harbour master and reaching Bilbao

The interpretation of belligerent rights as to contraband and blockade always cause friction. They can both be exercised in a civil war. But there is no precedent for according these rights to a Government which is not recognised. Mr. Eden's declaration in answer to Mr. Lloyd George, that British shipping will be protected on the high seas, must mean that belligerent rights will not be accorded to Salamanca, whether a blockade is declared and made effective or not. The danger here is an incident occurring in Spanish territorial waters, the area of three miles from the coast which is as much a part of Spain as the Puerta del Sol, where British arms cannot penetrate without infringing Spanish sovereignty. Valencia would doubtless welcome British convoys, but to send them would be intervention.

W. T. W.

THE PORT OF BISCAY PROVINCE: An impression of the busy wharves on the Rio Nervion at Bilbao, the great city of northern Spain which General Franco has been attacking from the land and attempting to blockade from the sea. Last week the food shortage in the town was stated in *The Times* to be less grave than it was at first thought, but none the less the supplies carried by the four British ships attempting to run the blockade were badly needed

THE GREATEST OF BASQUE CITIES: A busy, animated scene in one of Bilbao's main thoroughfares. In normal times the port does an enormous export trade in iron and an equally large coal and timber import business, but since the rebel warships attempted to "bottle it up" the position has been very different. Bilbao grew enormously in the latter half of the nineteenth century and was only temporarily checked through being involved in the Carlist Rebellion of 1870-76

Besieged BILBAO

Scenes in Spain's Great Northern Seaport, the Latest Bone of Contention in the Long-drawn-out Struggle for the Peninsula

THE IMPOSING HEADQUARTERS OF THE BANK OF BILBAO in the Sucursal de Madrid, the city's main thoroughfare. Last week it was reported that business life there was almost at a standstill and also that the place was subjected to several rebel air raids

CIVIL WAR ON THE SEA: The 10,000 ton liner, *Fernando Po*, a vessel in the possession of the reds, seen capsized in shallow water after being heavily fired upon by the rebel auxiliary motor ship, *Ciudad de Mahon*, off the coast of Fernando Po, the Spanish island colony in the Gulf of Guinea, West Coast of Africa. The liner is said to have had on board red troops and munitions

CORONATION NOTANDA:

LIGHT AND SHADE AT THE MANSION HOUSE: How the building will look on the nights from May 12 to 17 inclusive, when certain parts of the City and the West End will be illuminated from the hours of 9 p.m. to midnight. This is a particularly good example of spot-lighting, the handsome fluted pillars being made to stand out boldly against the bright background

SOMERSET HOUSE AT ITS BRIGHTEST: A picture taken during the try-out of the Coronation illuminations. Here the lighting is rather too glaring, and it would be really better if the pillars above the archway were left in darkness but at the same time thrown into relief by a lit-up area behind them

RIVERSIDE LIGHTS: The terrace facade of the Houses of Parliament revealed in all its Gothic glory. This is the first time it has ever been floodlit and looks decidedly effective

FIXING THE FUSES of a battery of floodlights in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace. Of all the Coronation illuminations these will naturally prove the most popular and during the six days they will be on they will attract tens of thousands to the Mall

ROYAL COATS OF ARMS, which will adorn the west door of the Abbey. *Above on left*— into the Abbey and fixing them in position

A DANGER-POINT ON THE PROCESSIONAL foot of the statue of Charles I in Trafalgar King and Queen will pass that way twice, tions are being taken. *On left and right*— when driving one of the coaches to the a firm that is providing many harness

FACETS OF THE PREPARATIONS AS THE GREAT DAY DRAWS NIGH: ELABORATE FLOODLIGHTING IN THE CITY AND WEST END

the interior of the Annexe now set up at Unloading amplifiers before taking them for the Coronation Service transmission

ROUTE: Erecting a crush barrier at the Square where, owing to the fact that the the most elaborate safety-first precau- A postilion trying on the outfit he will wear Abbey. Pictures taken at Thomas Tillings', horses and coachmen for Coronation day

ROYAL COMMISSIONS: *Above and on left*—Skilled embroiderers, whose services are at present in great demand in all the important London fashion houses, at work on the premises of one of the Court dressmakers where the Queen's Coronation wardrobe, dresses for the Duchess of Gloucester and for the Queen's trainbearers and other notabilities are now being completed. It is proving rather a rush against time

CORONATION WEAR: Members of the Royal Artillery mounted band being issued with their full dress busbies at their Aldershot barracks in readiness for Wednesday, May 12. The Royal Horse Artillery ranks next to the Royal Horse Guards in precedence

THE GLORY OF BLUE AND SCARLET: Musician Lane and the drum horse Jubilee of the Royal Artillery mounted band, in their Coronation full dress. Jubilee's shabrack has been re-gilded, but the rest of his gear and trappings are new for the occasion

CROWNED: Workmen, perched near the top of an extending ladder, fix the royal emblem to the summit of one of the decorative poles stretching at intervals right along the Mall. From the crosstrees just below richly adorned banners will be suspended

EMBROIDERIES FOR THE ROYAL THRONES in Westminster Abbey being worked by Mrs. Hallam (left) and Mrs. Peel, two London craftswomen who have been in the employ of Messrs. Morris and Company for nearly thirty years. They undertook the same task for the Coronation of George V, and also did embroideries for the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle

ADEN: BRITAIN'S NEW COLONY

The Barren but Impregnable Rock Fortress, Standing Gibraltar-like between Two Seas, now Takes its Place as a Unit in the Colonial Empire after nearly 100 Years under British Indian Administration

THE EASTERN GIBRALTAR: The harbour at Aden, that well-nigh impregnable fortress so vitally situated on the ocean highway to the Far East. Since its occupation by the British in 1839 it has been administered as part of India but, under the Government of India Act which came into force on April 1, it is recognised as a Colony and has its own Governor. Incidentally it will have its own postage stamps too

With its naval coal and fuel-oil supply, its impregnability to attack by land or sea, its position blocking all access to the Red Sea corridor—a sea only less vital to us than the Mediterranean—Aden has in the past received from our barely interested England none of the attention that its overwhelming Imperial importance deserves. This may partly be due to the fact that it has, till this month, been under India control. On April 1 this year it changed hands, and became a Crown Colony. Its change of status may, as cynics would have us believe, be one of the anticipations of the time when we shall have abandoned our present pretence at governing India, and have left that mismanaged land to whatever fate it may bring on itself. But, whichever way we look at it, its overwhelming strategic importance to our Empire seaway cannot be exaggerated.

The fortunes of Aden are the fortunes of the Inner Seas. For, what Gibraltar is to the entrance to the long and politically complicated inner waterway that is the life-line of our Empire, that, and no less, is Aden to its exit. Never more important than to-day, when our hold on that inner waterway is being challenged throughout its length, and when Aden suddenly finds itself near neighbour to a precariously friendly foreign Colonial Power.

It shares many points in common with its older and more imposing brother. Both are as nearly as possible invulnerable. Both command deep inner water invaluable to our Navy. Towards the sea, both are so heavily fortified as to be proof against naval attack. Of the two, Aden has even more favourable land defences than those that face La Linea and Spain; for the wide and waterless deserts that form the Aden hinterland make an area over which a modern army would find it almost impossible long to operate.

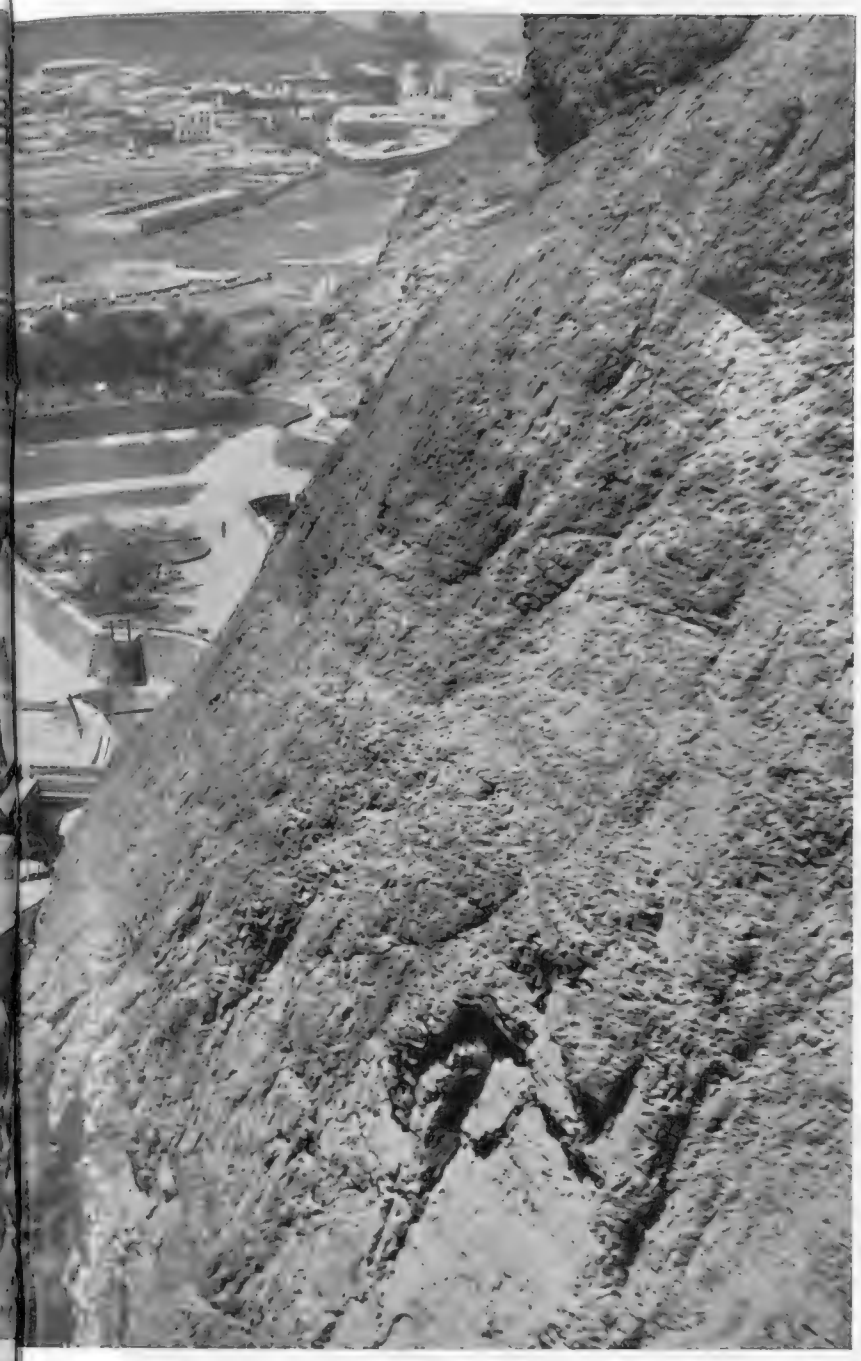
Only those few of us whose duties have taken them to this barren and least attractive of Imperial stations have been allowed close acquaintance with its fortifications. Aden itself is a rugged, high volcano, dead since the memory of man or his written records. Its seaward cliffs absolutely command the harbour at their feet, and are gunned and fortified, tier on tier. Cunningly hidden, these defences have none of the suggestive and mysterious attractiveness of the great caves which so visibly pit the face of Gibraltar; but, offering no mark on a dead-brown background, are practically indistinguishable except at close range. Their guns are of the heaviest calibre. From their commanding height, their range is not even limited by that sea-level bugbear of partial target-visibility which is such an ever-present problem to the battleship. Mines, harbour-booms, and all the minor adjuncts of a defended sea-base, go without saying.

Landward, the defence is impregnable. All question of desert hinterland apart, the lower cliff-faces of the dead

THE GREAT TANKS OF ADEN: Looking down a fissure in the volcanic rock the Colony's sparse rainfall. Members of the garrison do not regard this water as

HOMES IN A CRATER; Arab houses amid the encircling volcanic hills that are the characteristic feature of Aden's landscape. The native population is chiefly engaged in salt and cigarette manufacture and in dhow building. Agriculture plays a very small part in the scheme of things

A HOCKEY MATCH IN PROGRESS ON THE COLONY'S ONE LEVEL can indulge in every form of ball game there from tennis to polo. since Goldmohor Bay has been fenced off bathers are no longer bearable, despite the heat, and its social life is by no means



towards the reservoirs (originally built by the Arabs and now modernised) which collect very healthy and, as a result, obtain their supply from immense sea-water condensers

STRIP OF GROUND which is so laid out that members of the garrison Aden is also a yachtsman's paradise for nine months in the year, while menaced by sharks. Altogether life in the Colony is far from unlacking in gaiety. The average temperature is 87 deg. in the shade

WITHIN THE ROCKY STRONGHOLD: The road that winds through the volcanic gorges from Steamer Point to the native quarter. The rock here lends itself to tunnelling and this has helped in making the fortifications virtually invulnerable

volcano are peculiarly adapted to a defensive position. The natural rock lends itself to tunnelling and loopholed galleries which barely show a mark against their background, and are further protected by a peculiar natural feature; for a subsidiary excrescence of encircling rock hides the whole position from possible enemy artillery at a distance—artillery, the only arm that could make any impression on them—and brings his consequently unsupported infantry attack to within easy range of the rifles of the defence.

From one drawback, only, the stronghold suffers. There is not one drop of natural drinking water in all its area, or for scores of miles around it. One of the curiosities of the place is seen in the one show-piece accessible to the passing visitor: the Great Tanks. Aden catches the fringe of the annual monsoon. The great cliffs, through a natural fissure in their *enceinte*, project masses of rainwater into tanks first made by the original Arab owners more than 2,000 years ago—now built up into modern reservoirs. Trouble is, the deteriorated lava of the catchment-area has none of the hard surface of its cement-faced opposite number at Gibraltar; and the writer, more than once, has gazed down into reservoirs filled with a fluid in which the Loch Ness monster might gladly find a home, but which one would be very sorry to drink. In practice, the garrison water-supply is secured by immense sea-water condensers, and is, therefore, unlimited. A small proportion of water is also obtained from bore holes, one of which goes down to a depth of over 1,500 ft. and has an artesian flow of 750 gallons per hour.

Aden has been in our possession since we took it from the Arabs in 1839. Subsidiary to it is Perim Island. It is "calf" to the "cow" of Aden, and as freely open to attack as the parent fortress is invulnerable. With no advantage but position, at the narrowest part of the Red Sea mouth it is little more than an embarrassment to navigation. More for prestige than for any value it has, we maintain there a small, bored, long-suffering garrison, whose lives must be the last word in desolation, whose only change of scene that offered by passing shipping, whose only hope that of early relief. Its taking and garrisoning by us may or may not be of the *ben trovato* order. For it is related that when, in 1857, the French were developing their eastward sea communications and bases the following curious incident took place.

Having occupied Djibouti, the adjacent and far from satisfactory port on the Abyssinian shore, they cast sheep's eyes on the empty little rock in the Straits and sent a couple of cruisers to plant the flag. These, putting in at Aden, their officers went ashore that night and were royally entertained by our navy; and at about the point where the one rises "over the eight" found themselves rather incautiously talking. With the result that when next morning, with heads aching not altogether from the glare of the water, they sailed up to the island they found a British landing-party already in full possession and hospitably ready with "a hair of the dog that had bitten them."

"Mauser"

THE COAST AT CONQUEST OR SHARK'S BAY: The forbidding aspect of Aden from the sea. Hills whose jagged outlines evidence volcanic origin

Roosevelt Faces the "Sit-Down Strike" Menace

The President Seeks Emergency Legislation "to Deal with a Situation that has become Next Door to Revolutionary"

STILL SMILING: President Roosevelt, with his wife standing behind him, waving greetings to a vast crowd of Washington children that assembled on the White House lawn at Eastertide to participate in the traditional egg-rolling contests

IT would be impossible to over estimate the gravity of the impending crisis in the United States to-day. Even if it is assumed that the country has a fair chance to escape the worst consequences, the question of how it will escape is nevertheless alarming.

From the President of the United States down, the political and economic leaders of the country are now genuinely frightened. The President has already set to work experts to study both the British Trade Union Act and the Labor Acts adopted by the Blum Government in France, with a hope of devising some emergency legislation to deal with a situation that has become next door to revolutionary. In addition, he has cut short his vacation in Warm Springs, Georgia, seat of his single philanthropy, the Infantile Paralysis Hospital, and has rushed back to Washington to confer with senators, congressmen, cabinet officers, industrialists, financiers, and labor leaders in an effort to cope with the spread of the sit-down strike.

The President and thousands of sober-minded men are now convinced that in the near future organised labour will force a national showdown on the question of property rights. The strikers hold that, because they have developed a certain skill, they "have a priority over the machines," which is their way of saying that, because of their skill and their ability to render the machines productive, they have a property right in their jobs, and a property right in the places where their jobs are performed, a theory which is the basis of their contention that it is legal for them to sit down on another man's premises, and not only to prevent him from using them for the conduct of his business, but even to prevent him from entering upon them. In the case of the Champion Shoe Manufacturing Company, whose premises were held from March 11 to March 24 by sit-down strikers, New York State Supreme Court Justice Julius Miller recently ruled that the sit-down strike is illegal, and that a workman has no property right in his job. The strikers therewith obeyed his injunction. But no one knows how far the force of judicial injunction will extend.

For example, at a conference in Lansing, Mich., with Governor Frank Murphy and Walter P. Chrysler, chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, John L. Lewis, chief of the Committee for Industrial Organisation, agreed to issue an order to 6,000 Chrysler strikers to evacuate eight plants which they were holding. Lewis, however, only agreed to issue the order after the Michigan National Guard was ready to march on the plants, and then admitted that he could not promise that the strikers would obey his orders.

There was considerable reason for his belief. According to reliable reports, Lewis never intended to call the Chrysler strike. Chrysler is believed to have been ready to sign with the C.I.O. without a strike, and to have been dumbfounded when the men walked out in the midst of negotiations.

This action by the rank and file in defiance of their leaders' orders is known in Union labour circles as "economic democracy"; but it is gravely feared that it comes nearer to being anarchy.

The development is completely in line with this writer's recent prediction that Lewis has started something that he cannot control. At any rate, the country is involved in a crisis not likely to be resolved except through climacteric change. It is not likely, for example, that Lewis will be able to go through with his comprehensive programme of sit-down strikes to a peaceable conclusion. It is not likely that the President will be able to wait for experts to derive from a study of foreign labour legislation an effective formula for the American situation. Nor is it likely that American industry, business, and finance will sit quietly by while organised labour on the one hand and the New Deal administration on the other determine its status.

If one takes the recent General Motors strike as a beginning, one immediately faces the very serious fact that Alfred P. Sloan, Jnr., president of the corporation, finally did negotiate with the sit-down strikers, although they were still occupying the company's plants in defiance of a duly issued injunction by a Federal Court, an injunction which the Governor of Michigan prevailed upon the local authorities in Flint, Mich., not to enforce. Further, that the Governor was at all times in communication with President Roosevelt, and had the President's approval of his course.

"SIT-DOWNERS": Employees of the Ford plant at Kansas City, Missouri, talking to some friends who visited them during their self-imposed incarceration

And there is the further inescapable fact that the President did not once protest against the illegal acts of organised labour or urge any authority to enforce the law.

If one proceeds to the capitulation of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation to the C.I.O. without striking a blow, one is confronted with one of the greatest bulwarks against union labour in the United States going down before the storm. The Carnegie-Illinois Company is for all practical purposes the U.S. Steel Corporation; and the U.S. Steel Corporation is for all practical purposes the U.S. steel industry.

"COUNTER" MEASURES! Girl employees of New York's West Fourteenth Street branch of Woolworth's asleep on the floor during the first day of their sit-down strike. Later bedding was sent in to them by friends who defied police opposition

And, if one continues to the Chrysler strike, one is faced by two startling facts. First, the company has never interrupted its negotiations with the strikers, although the calling of the strike was apparently an act of bad faith, both with the company and with the C.I.O., of which the United Automobile Workers of America is an affiliate. Second, the fact to which I have already referred, that the men have reserved the right to decide whether they will obey any court injunctions, whether they will obey their own leaders, and whether they will accept the settlement with the company that their leaders may negotiate for them. This puts the United States fairly on the road towards revolution.

Mr. Sloan's decision to deal with the strikers while they were still in his plants was undoubtedly dictated by the President's insistence that he do so. Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, had already stated publicly that the legality of the sit-down strike was still a matter to be determined. But there were other considerations to influence Sloan.

The first was that competition in the motor car industry in the United States is real. While General Motors plants were tied up, the Chrysler Corporation was speeding up production.

The second was that, following the smashing Roosevelt victory of last November, United States industry was clear in its mind that it would have to make large concessions to labour. This view was recently expressed at the annual meeting of the National Manufacturers Association.

The third was that Sloan apparently became convinced that the President could not handle the strikers, even if he wished.

The fourth was Sloan's apparent conviction that the President would not handle the strikers, even if he could. Whether the President could have handled the strikers, and whether he would have if he could, it was the President's conviction that he couldn't. In effect he placed the blame on the U.S. Supreme Court, by saying that because the Court had not ruled on the Wagner Labor Disputes Act the Government did not know its powers.

The Government of course did know its powers, assuming that the Wagner Act was inoperative, so that this was almost equivalent to saying that the Government did not intend to use what powers it had unless the Supreme Court validated the Wagner Act—which it has now done.

This is not to say that the Government did not want to use its powers, which would have been largely in the nature of police powers. But it probably shared Sloan's opinion that it couldn't deal with the situation. It was better not to enforce the law than it was to enforce it.

It should be remembered, however, that the General Motors strike was the first of the sit-down strikes; and it is at least probable that a different course would have been pursued if subsequent experience had then been available.

The situation of the United States steel industry is quite different from that of the motor car industry. There is no real competition in the steel industry, and it was a simple matter for steel to accede to C.I.O. demands, raise prices, which is precisely what it has done. There were several other considerations:

The steel industry took seriously the Government's threat to go into the steel business if the industry did not adopt the forty-hour week. It did not want to be interrupted in its acceptance of the mounting volume of foreign orders. It also found that, when it offered to negotiate, Lewis was inclined "to be reasonable." There is the strong suspicion, moreover, that industry decided it preferred Lewis to William Green of the American Federation of Labour, and that, in any case, here was an excellent chance to split organised labour in two by strengthening Lewis.

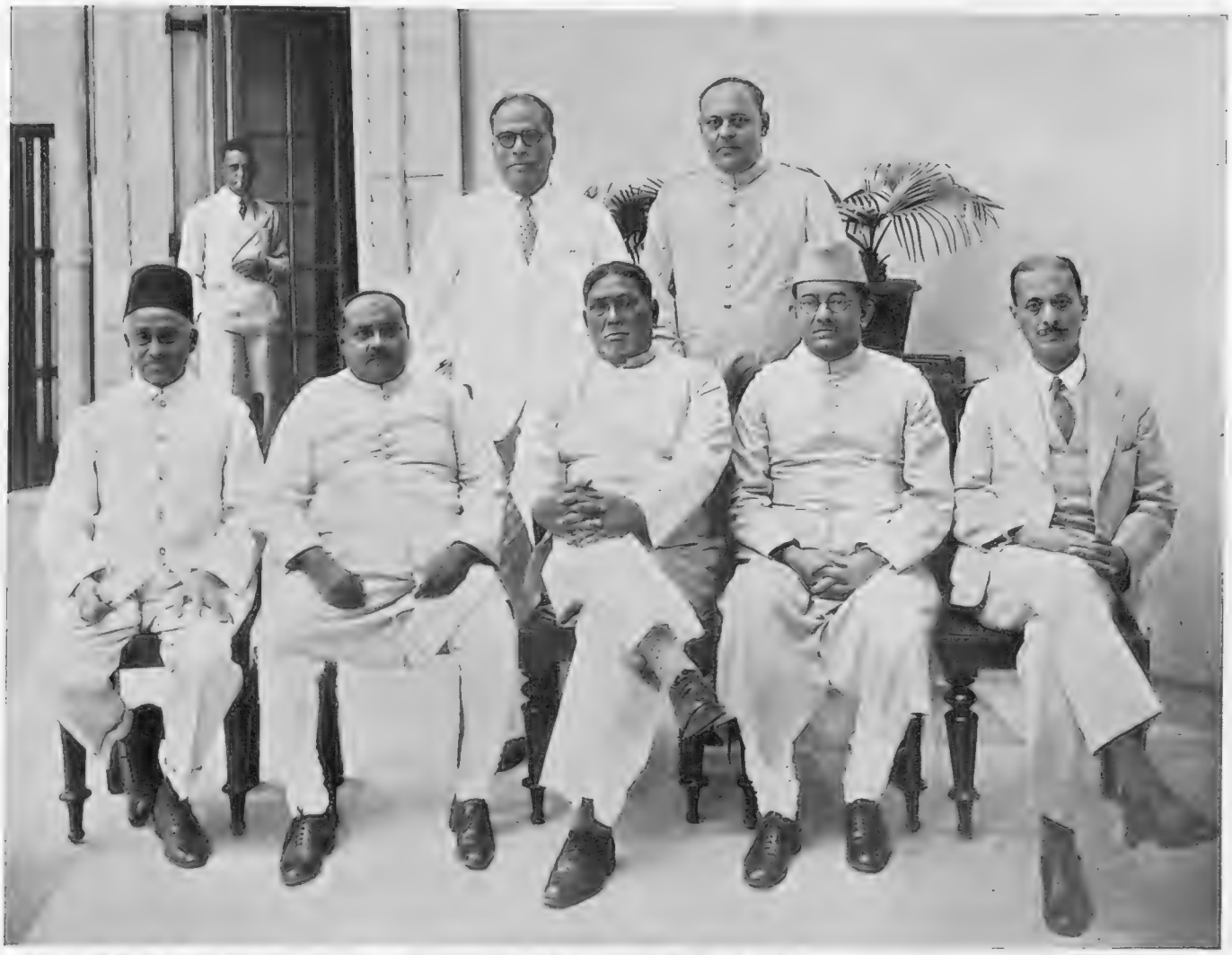
Several other industrial threats are looming on the horizon. One is the conference of the United Mine Workers in New York City, which proposes to organise the bituminous coal miners in eight States. Another is Lewis' proposal for immediate organisation of 1,250,000 textile workers. The two movements would add 1,650,000 workers to C.I.O. membership.

Nelson Springer

A POLICE CAR OVERTURNED AND SET ON FIRE by irate strikers at Alberta Lea, Minnesota, as a retaliatory measure against local police who had made use of tear gas bombs

NEWS FROM EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST

The Political Deadlock in India: The Burial of Morocco's ex-Sultan: Dr. Benes in Belgrade



At the end of last week the constitutional crisis was still persisting in India, the Congress party leaders, who in six provinces had won such substantial majorities at the elections, continuing to refuse to take office unless they received the assurance "that the State Governors would not use their special powers of intervention under the India Act." In view of the party's high-handed attitude, minority ministries had to be formed in these six provinces, including Madras and Bombay, but by the very nature of their composition their careers must inevitably be brief. There is a growing feeling in India that the Congress leaders have taken a false step which may seriously affect the Hindu cause in years to come

BENGAL'S FIRST CABINET UNDER INDIA'S NEW CONSTITUTION: Mr. A. L. Fazu-ul-Aak (centre front row) Prime Minister and Minister of Education, pictured with his colleagues after assuming office. In this province the anti-British Congress Party were beaten at the elections so no constitutional crisis arose as in several other parts of India, a powerful coalition of Muslims taking control of affairs

PARIS PAYS A LAST TRIBUTE TO A FORMER SUBJECT SOVEREIGN: A detachment of steel-helmeted infantrymen marching past the coffin containing the remains of Mulay Hafid, ex-Sultan of Morocco, who died recently at Enghien-les-Bains. Mulay Hafid was proclaimed Sultan in 1907, but in August, 1912, after Fez had been attacked by 20,000 Berbers, he was forced by the French authorities to abdicate in favour of his younger brother

THE FATE OF OSLO'S NEW CITY HALL: The wreckage after a large section of the building had collapsed in ruins as the work of construction was nearing completion. Complete reconstruction will be necessary

On left—LITTLE ENTENTE UNITY: President Benes of Czechoslovakia bidding goodbye to an army officer at Belgrade station at the conclusion of his visit to Yugoslavia; a visit designed to still further cement the bond of friendship existing between the two post-war States

NEW LIGHT ON THE ITALO-ETHIOPIAN WAR

Two Revealing Books On a Campaign That is Now Being Re-fought in Print—Marshal de Bono's Viewpoint

Marshal de Bono, the man who laid the plans for the Abyssinian war and in the first weeks of the campaign put them into effect has in "Anno XIIII–The Conquest of an Empire" (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) written an astonishingly revealing account of the Ethiopian war from his own point of view, proving up to the hilt, incidentally, that the war guilt lay with the Italians. Signor Mussolini, not knowing this, penned a preface to the book, thus committing himself in most extraordinary fashion. The following are a few of the more pertinent extracts from an indispensable volume:—

"ASMARA, then the principal city of the colony, was and is still divided into two parts: the native quarter and the Italian.

"The Italian quarter had the look of a village which had been gradually enlarged by builders whose ideas of architecture, and whose choice of sites, were marked by an uncontrolled imagination. I have been told that it was laid out in accordance with some kind of guiding plan; but no one could guess, from the existing buildings, what this plan may have been. It was merely a matter of luck if someone built a house where a street was being laid down, or a villa had been set in alignment with other buildings.

"Asmara, at the beginning of 1935, contained exactly 3,873 Italians, including officials and white soldiers."

"I should like to say before I go further that in Casertano I had an assiduous, intelligent, and able assistant, endowed with that sense of authority indispensable when one has to deal with gentry who by virtue of their very profession are inclined to chafe at the bit, and to ensure that they do not take undue liberties. Fascism has been able to make Italian journalists keep within bounds, but foreign journalists are accustomed to enjoy unbridled liberty in their own countries and are unused to discipline; hence it was not easy to make them act in a straightforward manner and in accordance with our own views. But Casertano succeeded perfectly and without ever having to use forcible means. The few who showed signs of being refractory, or were suspect, were deported without delay."

"The helmet was necessary even on the plateau in the middle of the day. In order to provide the first labourers to arrive with helmets, while those which would be needed later were being made in Italy, I turned to Egypt, the Sudan, and Aden. It took six weeks to get 5,000 from Egypt; from the Sudan I contrived to obtain a bare thousand, and Aden refused to permit of the exportation of a single helmet."

"The ever-increasing need for haste compelled me to review all the work in progress and classify it in order of its urgency and its expediency; suspending, if need be, all that did not appear to be absolutely necessary, or at least extremely urgent. Thus, I stopped work on the entrenched camp of Asmara. We need no longer fear that the enemy would succeed in getting so far. We should all have to be dead first.

"The tracks which had been adapted for traffic by such cruel labour and which had made it possible for motor vehicles, although at considerable risk, to reach in the course of a few days the positions we had conquered, were deteriorating day by day as the traffic increased. We were all ready to settle down under canvas. Camping out had no terrors for us who had been soldiers for forty or fifty years."

[*Telegram to Mussolini.*] "The greatest deficiency is in the baggage trains. Lessona has offered to have mules sent me. The mules are one of the five components of a baggage train, which are: mules, pack-saddles, saddles, drivers, and commandants. The mules we have would be sufficient, but unfortunately more than a third of them, through organic deficiency or because too young, or because their pack-saddles do not fit because of the lack of saddlers to adapt them, and because of the incapacity of drivers and officers, are lying brutally exhausted in the animals' hospital.

(Continuation of telegram). "Reflect that I have a front that runs from the Sudanese frontier of the Seite to the sea at Assab, so it is not such an easy matter to safeguard it—knowing for the present nothing definite as to the enemy's intentions."

"The Mariotti column in the eastern lowlands had begun its movement and had reached Elifan with its vanguard.

"On the 5th, during the prescribed halt, a detachment of the Eritrean Army Corps, consisting of two battalions and a battery, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Marehegiano, while it was taking up its position towards Mount Gunde in order to guard the right flank of its Army Corps against attack from the direction of Gheraltà, was unexpectedly engaged by rather more than 300 warriors of the Degiac Gabriel and the Degiac Woldegabriel, who received reinforcements as it was growing dusk. The engagement, an affair of desperate rushes and ambushes, continued during the night. The valiant Lieut.-Colonel Marehegiano kept his troops well in hand and at 10 o'clock compelled the enemy to retire, leaving in our hands ten prisoners and forty dead. Other casualties, dead and wounded, were carried away by the enemy. On our side two officers were wounded—one died later, two non-commissioned officers and one Askari were killed, and seven Askaris wounded."

"Mariotti's column had reached Damalè. At 9 o'clock on the 8th Makallè was occupied, and our flag was hoisted over the ruins of the fort of Enda Jesus, which the gallant Lieut.-Colonel Galliano, 40 years earlier, had so strenuously defended against forces tenfold superior to his own."

"Since the solidity of a track is really in inverse proportion to the ease with which it was constructed, in the stretches where it was only necessary to level the ground a little the passage of a column of motor transport was enough to ruin everything, and the work had to be done again; on the other hand, where work with the pick-axe was needed in order to open up a proper route, intensive use only served to render the surface more practicable.

"The track at some points was a positive disaster, which had its repercussions on the means of transport, which were falling to pieces.

"In this fortunate period we had no great amount of fighting, and still less—alas!—had we any pitched battles. But it assuredly was not we who avoided them; it was the enemy who held that he could not yet risk them."

"Eyewitness in Abyssinia" (Martin Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), extracts from which appear below, is another valuable work on the subject of Italy's conquest of the Black Empire. The author is Herbert Matthews who followed the campaign as correspondent for "The New York Times" bringing to bear on events the eyes of a trained observer. Mr. Matthews was at the front from the very outset and after closely watching every phase of the struggle, finally accompanied Badoglio to Addis Ababa.

THROUGH the fetid heat of Massawa, Herbert Matthews reaches Asmara, by a rail car through preposterous scenery.

"Asmara never shaped itself up for me in a positive way. It was the negation of everything desirable, comfortable, or charming. I look back upon it with such disgust that it is difficult not to get incoherent about it. Asmara was not African, and it was not European. It lacked the exotic charm of most tropical cities . . . a filthy hotel, and a nondescript collection of brick houses, shops, and dirty restaurants . . . men and officers filled the theatre twice daily and since none of them was ever known to take a bath, the atmosphere might better be imagined than described.

"The faulty transmission, stupid censorship, bad living conditions, the altitude, the crazy climate, the strain on heart, lungs, and nerves, all combined to create a colony of half-mad correspondents rushing frantically about in a state of chronic hysteria." The overmastering desire was to get out of Asmara and this in due time became possible. Once the Plain of Asmara is left, the country reveals itself as a succession of immensely deep bowls, with startling spurs rising from their centres—a fantastic land, incomparably magnificent but incomparably desolate. This impression continues to the end with small qualification.

The road-making was impressive. "We should all have realised then that men who could bear up under that sort of work, and grin into the bargain, would somehow manage to get to Addis Ababa."

"They told us the natives were still sniping and we had to pitch our tents in the centre of the camp and stay there. Actually, I did not hear a shot. In fact, contrary to popular belief there was very little sniping done during the entire war. The Abyssinians did not and could not fight that way.

"The flies literally had to be brushed off, so that you had a sticky sensation and a feel of them on your hands. Sometimes they would get into your mouth, than which I know few things more revolting. Sometimes they would get inside your eyeglasses and fly around as if in a cage. One of the most frequent attacks was upon the ears.

"The officers took us over to where they had their tanks—about thirty of them—and gave us each a short ride. The Italian tanks were not successful in the campaign and one of the reasons I was to discover on that ride, they were too cramped. Neither the driver nor gunner had room to move, and the machine-gun could not be revolved. There was no denying the colonel and his officers, whom we found at mess. Their hospitality, as always, was irresistible and the same happy process of making friends began again. Excellent spaghetti, steak, with liver and onions, peaches and marmalade, coffee, and a fine *fiasco* of Chianti." Matthews enjoyed the same hospitality from all the field officers he encountered.

TWO months of inaction follow. Journalists break down under strain of climate and stricter censorship under Marshal Badoglio. "Journalism defeated on all fronts in Ethiopia" occurs in an American journal in January. "And then the war began" comments Matthews.

"Having been somewhere in Dankalia when Makale was taken by the Italians I missed the first grand rush down the declivity to the gates of the city. We drove down in a car and I did feel something of a thrill on seeing the towers of King John's Palace. Just to be sure we should not feel too romantic about it Fate had arranged for a dead and very putrid mule to be placed 50 yards off the road near the entrance to the city. In fact from that time on the stench of dead mules was to be regularly in our nostrils, for they died by the dozens and hundreds all over the front and it never occurred to any part of the army to burn or bury them, or even to move them.

"There was no real 'line' in the world-war sense, but only a series of troop masses. Even the Makale front line was a chain of large and small fortifications between which there was nothing."

"On the evening of January 19, the force was composed of three legions or regiments of Blackshirts and was divided into three parts. In Italian tactics there are always three masses. First signs of real battle, a valley reeking of the smell of dead mules and men, a position four miles beyond the Italian lines."

Two chapters deal with the battles of Enderta I and Enderta II, when operations had acquired a bigger scale. "The roar of the guns was a sound that never stopped for five days except during the night, for an enormous line of Italian artillery was heavily engaged all the time. Tear-gas shells used for the only time as far as I know.

"The troops were really exhausted at an altitude of 7,000 ft. or 8,000 ft. On Wednesday alone 129 Italians had been killed and 275 wounded. The Ethiopian losses were many times heavier; perhaps as much as 300, for the obvious reason that they were coming up against machine-gun and artillery positions in their usual mass formation." The early rains fell heavily during the period of these two battles.

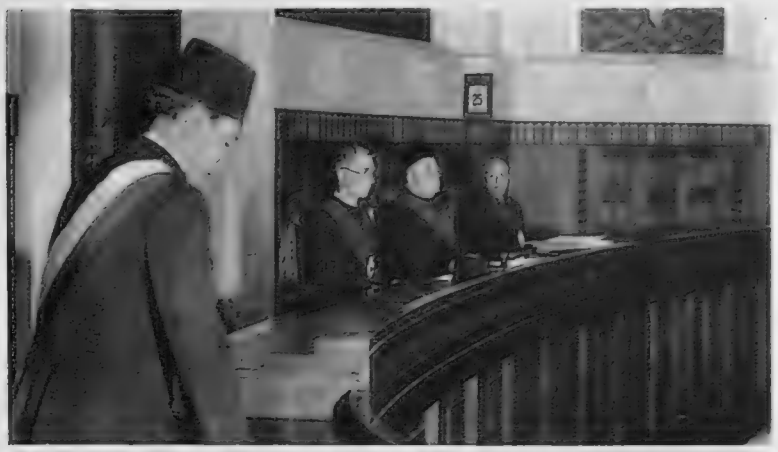
A CORRESPONDENT UNDER FIRE: Herbert Matthews, sitting under a small tree with a twisted trunk and a dead mule by his side during the fight in Enda Gorge, when the Italian flanking force under Brigadier-General Mariotti was ambushed. For Matthews it was old time war correspondence in stern reality. This photograph was probably taken by the Italian correspondent Barzini who was with Matthews in the same shelter

Jackals and vultures had not touched bodies which had been lying for days. Scared away, Matthews thinks, by the near presence of large bodies of men.

Two big fights of Mai Ceu and Lake Ashangi are described. In the former the Negus' Imperial Guard made a great attack but were caught between two lines of fire and crushed. But the motorised rush to Gondar was another affair. No resistance was encountered and Matthews from his plane sees Starace, watched by a farmer or two in the pleasant warmth, sitting on horseback apart from the column and wondering doubtless what to do with himself. But it was all taking place close to the shore of Lake Tana. The Press, of course, dramatised the affair with such headlines as "Starace's Descent on Gondar," giving the impression that it was an exploit demanding great skill and daring.

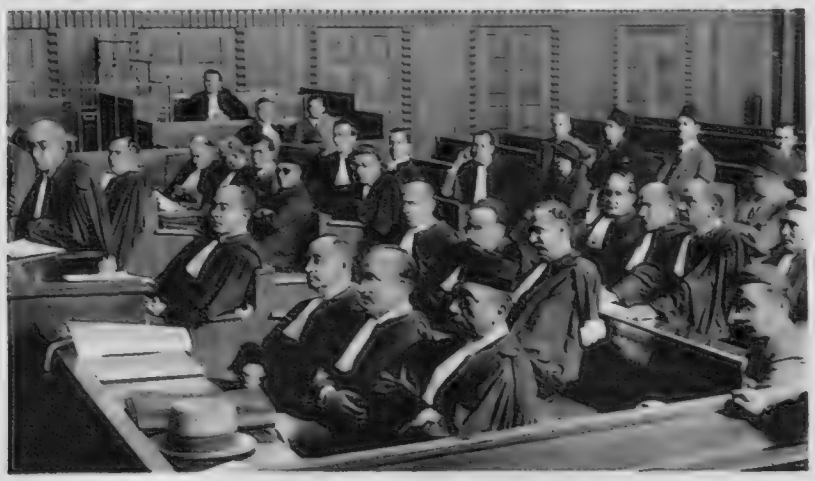
CAIRO'S COSMOPOLITAN COURT

The Mixed Tribunal Where Foreigners in Egypt Settle Their Disputes: An Institution that is to be Abolished Under the Terms of the Treaty



FOR THE PRIVILEGED: *Left*—The imposing main entrance to the Mixed Tribunal of First Instance at Cairo, one of three such institutions which came into being in Egypt in 1875 in order to deal with civil cases in any way involving foreigners, some of the judges being Egyptian and some foreign. Under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty signed in 1936, which provided that "Capitulations" (privileges to foreigners) should cease, these Mixed Tribunals will be abolished. First, however, there will be a transitional period, the length of which is the subject of discussion at the Montreux Capitulations Conference. *Right*—A scene at a sitting of the Mixed Tribunal showing the Egyptian State representative (standing) and three judges, one Swedish, one Belgian, and one Egyptian

WHERE LITIGANTS OF ALL NATIONS MEET: The main hall of the Mixed Tribunal, Cairo; one of the finest modern architectural features of the ancient city. *Left*—A wealthy Arab and (*right*) an Egyptian family pictured leaving the court

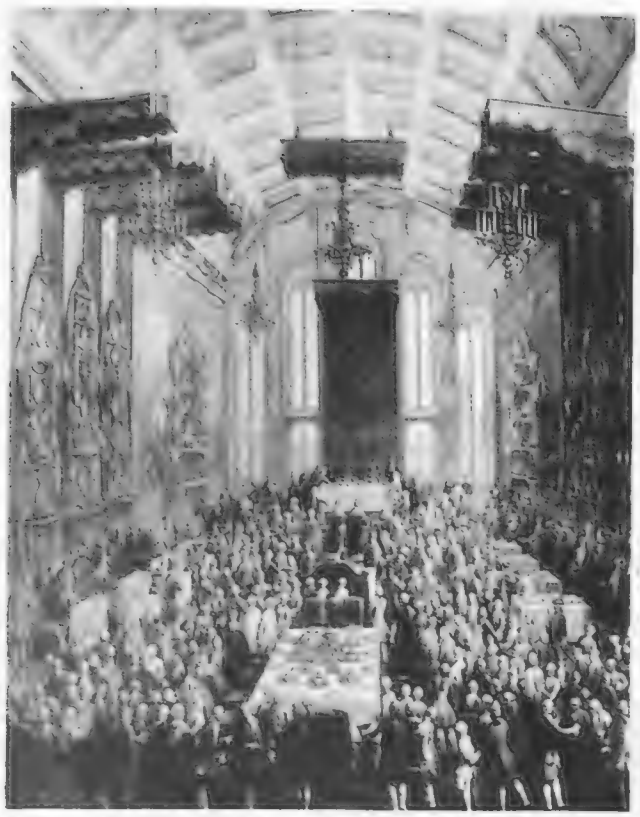


A POLICE OFFICER TAKES THE OATH in the presence of the three judges before giving his evidence in a case

THE WELL OF THE COURT is invariably crowded with foreign legal men, ready to defend the interest of their countrymen

The complete abolition of "Capitulations" was foreshadowed in the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty but, as has been pointed out at the present Montreux Conference, by Captain Euan Wallace, Secretary of the Overseas Department, Board of Trade, the existing system of privileges for foreigners of certain nationalities resident in Egypt cannot in fairness be done away with by a stroke of the pen. Thus it is that the Mixed Tribunals, providing the most important of those privileges, are likely to continue for some while, but exactly how long has not at the time of writing been decided. A visit to one of these courts is a veritable education by reason of their cosmopolitan nature. So many languages are spoken there that the presence of numerous interpreters is absolutely vital

WITNESSES ALL: *On left and right*—A strange medley of racial types is invariably to be seen in the waiting-room of the Tribunal building



CORONATIONS *of* OTHER DAYS

A Collection of the Works of Contemporary Artists made by a "Sphere" Correspondent

On left—

JOSEPH II's CORONATION BANQUET

The Golden Bull which had been issued in 1356 decreed that the title of King of the Romans had to be conferred on those who were eventually to become Emperor. The Empress Maria Theresa who, by the Pragmatic Sanction, succeeded her father the Emperor Charles VI in 1740, had married Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Tuscany, and insisted that when her son Joseph was of age, he should be crowned King of the Romans in spite of the fact that his father was still alive. The election and the Coronation had by tradition to take place in Frankfurt-on-Main, eight electors having to give their final consent, three of them ecclesiastical and five secular, Joseph being finally elected and crowned on April 3, 1764. At the time he was weary and heartsick as he was mourning the death of his beautiful young wife, Isabella of Parma

From the Painting by Martin van Meytens

THE CORONATION OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR, JOSEPH II

Martin van Meytens depicted this scene in the church at Frankfurt-on-Main during the ceremony of Joseph's crowning. This sovereign, though a man of parts, was overshadowed by his mother, Maria Theresa. During her lifetime he was allowed no part in affairs, and when he came to the throne he failed to attain the popularity which had been hers in so eminent a degree

THE CORONATION OF CAROLINE AUGUSTA AS QUEEN OF HUNGARY

Leopold Bucher's painting, in the Franzenburg collection at Laxenburg, near Vienna, shows the fourth wife of Francis II, the last Emperor of the Romans, kneeling before the high altar in the Collegiate Church of St. Martin in Pressburg as her right shoulder was touched with the Holy Crown of St. Stephen. The ceremony took place on September 25, 1825, and was followed by a great banquet

THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN NOTRE DAME ON DECEMBER 2, 1804

The famous painting in the Louvre by Louis David shows Napoleon as he crowned his consort, Josephine. The Emperor himself was to have been crowned by the Pope, but when the moment arrived the impetuous little Corsican seized the crown and donned it, much to the congregation's astonishment

From the painting by Freiherr von Hoechle

KING FERDINAND I ON THE CORONATION HILL

After Ferdinand had been crowned King of Hungary at Pressburg in 1830, he rode to the Coronation Hill, an artificial mound built by the Danube, and galloped to the summit. There he drew his sword and pointed it to the four corners of the globe as a sign that he would protect his kingdom

From the painting by Freiherr von Hoechle

THE CORONATION OF EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH I AS KING OF HUNGARY

Although Franz Joseph had been Emperor for a good many years before 1867 he could not be acknowledged King of Hungary till he had been crowned with the Holy Crown of St. Stephen. June 8, 1867 was fixed as the date of the Coronation in Budapest, and the Hungarians who adored the beautiful Empress Elizabeth entered a special plea that she should be crowned at the same time. Various accounts describing the gorgeous ceremonies emphasise the dazzling beauty of the Empress

From the painting by Adolph Menzel

THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM I AND QUEEN AUGUSTA OF PRUSSIA AT KÖNIGSBERG, THE OLD CAPITAL OF EAST PRUSSIA

When Prince William of Prussia succeeded his brother, Frederick William IV, in 1861, he was already sixty-four years old, but still a magnificent figure, tall and powerful, with the voice and courage of a lion. The Coronation of King William took place in Königsberg, the old capital of East Prussia, with its castle which had once been the seat of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, dating back to the thirteenth century. Surrounded by a glittering Court, and accompanied by his son, the Crown Prince Frederick, the King mounted the steps of the altar, and, having been invested with the Royal Mantle, took up the Crown which was lying on the altar, and placed it on his head, calling out in a loud, stentorian voice, "I receive this from the Hand of God." Having been consecrated, he took up the Orb and Sceptre, and, holding the Sword in his right hand, announced that he would reign by the Grace of God

OLD PERSIA'S MAJES

Camera Records Made by Lady Ravensdale, Lord Curzon

LIKE A GIANT OAST HOUSE: A lovely fluted grave tower at Veramin, a few miles from Teheran, which is said to be the tomb of a Persian notable who flourished in the thirteenth century. The bricks are laid in a wonderfully graceful pattern

A SKY-SCRAPER OF THE PERSIAN PLAIN: This mighty grave tower stands near the mosque of Bayazia on the road from Teheran, capital of the Shahs, to Meshed, holiest of Persia's cities. It was built in the fourteenth century, but its great vertical columns of light gold brick, interlaced in a delightful pattern, have a modernity of aspect that is in striking but by no means inartistic contrast to the obvious antiquity of the dome. This picture, together with the others on these pages, was taken by Baroness Ravensdale, daughter of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, on the occasion of her last visit to Iran when she took the opportunity of photographing many of these old tomb towers that dot the land and of which the western world knows so little. Lord Curzon, among his many other accomplishments, was an authority on Persian antiquities and wrote what is now regarded as a standard work on the subject

On left—IN THE CRUSADING STYLE: This extraordinarily interesting tower does not lie within the boundaries of Iran, the modern Persia, being at Baku on the western shores of the Caspian Sea—a city abounding in Persian influence particularly as regards its architectural monuments. No one knows anything of the origin of this tower, but to-day it rears its head skywards providing a welcome change in the dreary landscape of a city given over to commercialism

LAST RELIC OF THE BYGONE GLORIES OF TUSS: This m chambers desolate and deserted, is at Tuss a few miles from M take away its beauty, and it is an unforgettable sight in the set but it was built in the 12th century. Nearby is the modern to

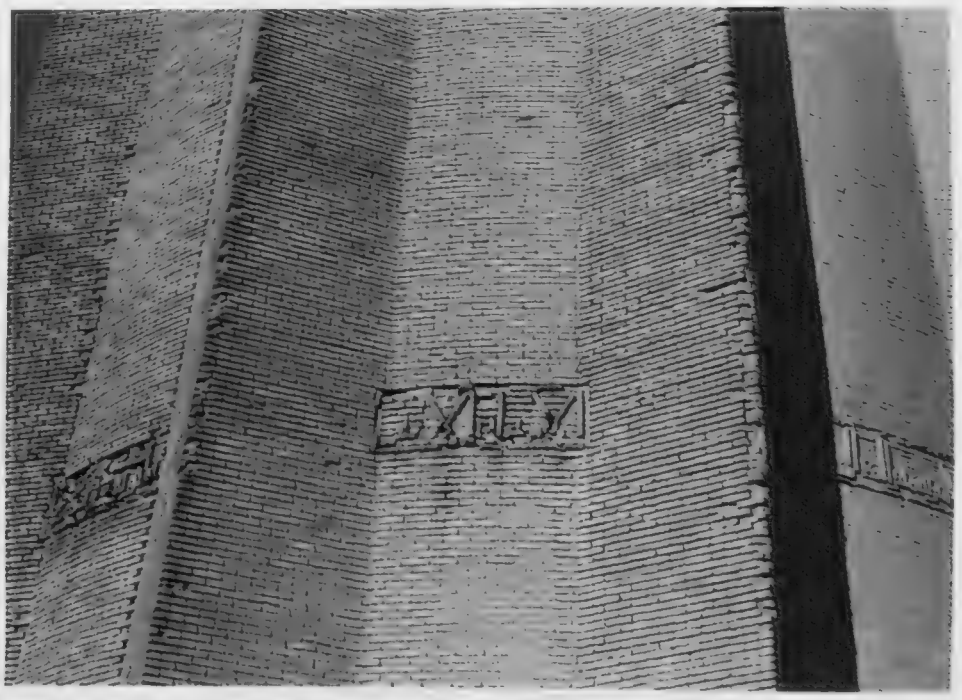
TIC TOMB TOWERS

Daughter, on a Visit to the Land of the Shahs

A WEALTH OF TURQUOISE BLUE TILING characterises the great tower of Demavand, a village near Teheran that was once a famed religious centre but was wiped almost completely out of existence by the all-destroying hordes of the Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan. Lady Ravensdale says of this place: "I found it impossible to enter as it houses the tomb of some saint, so I could only enjoy the beauty of its brickwork and tiling from without. The blue tiles shine like colossal lumps of turquoise and their whole effect beggars description"

"ALONE AND MAJESTIC, AN ARROW OF DAINTY FAWN COLOURED BRICKS, dexterously laid, clear-cut against the distant snow-capped mountains" is Lady Ravensdale's description of the tomb tower of Gumbad-i-Gabus which stands in the seemingly limitless Turkoman steppes away to the north-east of Bandar Shah the Iranian port on the Caspian

sive domed mausoleum, its outer walls slowly crumbling and its halls and ed, Iran's most sacred city. Not even pitiable decay such as this can wholly sun as its bricks turn blush rose. No one knows whom it commemorates, of Firdaussi, but it cannot compare with the rich splendour of this structure



THE KUFIC INSCRIPTIONS placed at intervals round the cylindrical base of the tomb tower of Gumbad-i-Gabus, north-east of Bandar Shah, are so cunningly set into the brickwork that they have survived the centuries almost unimpaired. Note on the right the knife-like shadow that runs up the buttress, enhancing the beauty of this astonishing structure

VIENNESE DRAMA AT THE ACADEMY: Mitterl (Werner Krauss) thinks that the flowers brought by Leni (Hortense Raky) are for him and thanks her profusely. An awkward moment in *Burgtheater*, the latest film directed by Willy Forst, of *Maskerade* and *Unfinished Symphony* fame. It is a rather conventional, uninspiring story about two actors, one young and the other old, who fall in love with a tailor's daughter. Needless to say there is never the smallest doubt as to which will win

ON STAGE AND

Lord Dunsany writes a Queer Play: The Promise of Mireille Balin: Yvette Guilbert takes a New Lease of Life

By PHILIP PAGE

LAST week's outstanding event in the theatrical world was one of the queerest plays I have ever seen—*Lord Adrian*, by Lord Dunsany.

And here let me mention another queer play of the previous week. To *Climbing* I devoted considerable space because I considered, and still consider, that it was worth it; I am quite unrepentant over having recommended one or more visits. Unfortunately, *Climbing* had to climb down, owing to lack of support, after a very few performances. I said of it, among other things, that I hoped it would have the success it deserved. It didn't. And plays are not, of course, the only institutions in this world which are not always rewarded according to their merits.

Lord Adrian, although it concerns a monkey gland operation, has little to do with climbing. Lord Dunsany, a poet and dramatist of distinction, has a farcical streak in him; but it is not apparent here. To treat his theme farcically would have been too easy, perhaps, though pleasant, had the result of the operation been played by a comic genius such as Mr. Leslie Henson. One thought of such possibilities earlier in the play, which moved rather slowly and allowed suggestions of unconscious humour to break in at times. But these vanished the moment the *macabre* story got into its swing—which was not from bough to bough of the trees in the park of the Duke of Fenland.

The old Duke, eighty and a bit, was the cause of all the trouble. He underwent a glandular operation, married his pretty young secretary, and had a son. Nothing bizarre happened to his grace, except that Mr. Robert Rendel, who played the part on the whole extraordinarily well, became incredibly young and walked the stage with a youthful swing (d—n this monkey business!) when according to the programme he must have been representing a man over a hundred.

It was in his young son, Lord Adrian, that odd developments occurred. His old nurse was rather frightened of him when he was a baby. He had to be taken from more than one school simply because he could not, in some mysterious way, get on with the other boys. With animals, on the other hand, he got on only too well, and rabbits gambolled—or whatever it is that rabbits do—unafraid within a couple of feet of him. At eighteen he was a humanitarian animal-lover to the *n*th degree—and then some. He raged at his father because a meet of the hounds was to be held at their home, and he became queerer and queerer until it was discovered that he had been teaching the foxes to make fire by holding flints in their teeth. This was considered too great a menace. So the Duke ordered his gamekeeper to shoot him.

Lord Dunsany surely exaggerates the menace here. Granted that man holds sway over the animals owing to his knowledge and use of fire (though that is, of course, only one aspect of the matter), I do not see how animals could ever gain the upper hand, even if every dog and cat in the kingdom had an electric lighter, guaranteed animal-made. But this deeply interesting play is, it must be remembered, a fantasy and not some S.P.C.A. tract, which Lord Dunsany—a hunting-man, though, I do not doubt, a humane one—would hardly be likely to write. And the dramatic value of the closing scenes is not impaired by the improbability. Thanks largely to the superb performance of Mr. Harry Hutchinson as the gamekeeper, these were vastly impressive. It will be a long time before I shall forget his outburst after he had shot Lord Adrian: "It wasn't a human soul. *I could tell by the way it went!*"

A line which for mystery and imagination would have met with Mr. Edgar Allen Poe's approval.

IN A CHINESE GARDEN: One of the many realistic settings in *The Good Earth*, the picture based on Pearl Buck's novel of Chinese life which has been proving such a big draw ever since its first night at the Palace Theatre. The King and Queen have already seen it—the film having been sent down to Windsor and presented before them at the Castle

Cornelia Otis Skinner.—Miss Ruth Draper (the comparison is inevitable) has accustomed London audiences to the one-woman entertainment, and the standard she has set is a high one. Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, also from America, appeared last week at the Little Theatre and is, as it were, in the same line of business. Miss Skinner, who has visited London before, is a most accomplished actress of the Protean type, who can change her clothes and the characters she represents with astonishing rapidity. Even more astonishing is her ability to suggest that a second person is on the stage and that the individual to whom she addresses her remarks really has a corporeal existence.

This came in particularly useful when she was in turn some of the many women Charles II loved (including one he almost certainly did not love, his patient Queen, Catharine of Braganza). One could almost see the cynically smiling monarch when Louise de Kerouailles and, of course, Nell Gwynne, tripped their way on to the stage. Nor should the dignified, witty Lady Castlemaine be forgotten.

Miss Skinner's impression of an American woman excitedly anticipating her first visit to Buckingham Palace is every bit as good as Miss Draper's Englishwoman showing visitors round her garden. I can think of no higher praise than that.

"Pépé le Moko" (Film).—Anyone who labours under the delusion that this simple detective yarn is a Latin version of some scene on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, with the coster's donkey playing a part guaranteed to make all good animal-lovers purr with content, had better understand at once that the whole thing takes place in Algiers, which isn't a bit like Hampstead, and that there is no animal in it worth speaking about from beginning to end.

Pépé le Moko is a human being of the type known to film-fans as "a lovable crook." Personally I have never in my life found a lovable crook in all the distance from Algiers to Hampstead and even beyond. This one is, however, officially labelled as lovable, though to me he seemed so smug, so obvious, and so self-assured that in spite of the good performance of M. Gabin there was scarcely a moment when I did not long to dot Pépé the Moko a good hard one on the boko. He lurked in a quarter of Algiers where thieves were supposed to be immune from arrest. There was such a quarter in London in ancient times—they called it Alsatia—and it was not many hundred yards away from the offices of THE SPHERE. Certain useful old customs it might not be a bad plan to revive—but I will not press the point.

In the Casbah, or thieves' quarter, then, of Algiers Pépé had a fine old time until the detectives required his presence. In order to get it it was necessary to lure him into the main part of the town, where he could be nabbed easily and without any trouble. What do you suppose was the device the detectives adopted? This being the film world something of startling originality was only to be expected. They actually employed a beautiful young woman, as false as she was fair, to exercise her allurements on poor Pépé and, of course, Pépé succumbed in not much longer time than it takes to drink a glass of Tio Pepe.

The siren in question was Mlle Mireille Balin, whose knowledge of acting is at present promising: this is likely to grow still more so as her film-fame increases, as it assuredly will. She is quite a pretty girl, so far as it is possible to judge, for she seems recently to have emerged from that inevitable process of "grooming." Grooming means, in film language, that every original claim to beauty of feature or of expression is carefully deleted and

STRANGE INTERLUDE: Marion Lorne, playing the Styles as the policeman in evening dress, in Walter began its run at the Apollo Theatre. Miss Lorne suit her own particular and wholly peculiar gifts spends much of her time debating "whether she

SCREEN

the patient made to conform to a standardised film type—that is to say, to look like the boiled-down essence of as many film "lovelies" as the groom can call to mind during the process. Mlle Balin has already been hailed generally as "the French Garbo," so the process must have been successful.

The detective-in-chief, who, being on the side of law and order, seems to have been regarded as the villain-in-chief as well, was played with baleful ferocity by M. Lucas Gridoux. The photography and local colour are admirable, so if the simple yarn of *Pépé le Moko* is not sufficient in itself, this may be regarded as a travel film, improving and educational, by those who do not know their Algiers—or anyone else's.

"Black Limelight."—Miss Margaret Rawlings is one of those actresses who can play a good strong part in a good strong fashion, and she has one in *Black Limelight*, which had a successful try-out at the "Q" Theatre before coming to the St. James's. That fine play, *Parnell*, for which she did so much to procure a *succès d'estime*, did not, as she informed the audience on the last night of the run, enjoy a success of a more satisfactory and tangible type. *Black Limelight*, which is a "thriller" and does not pretend to be anything else, should supply consolation.

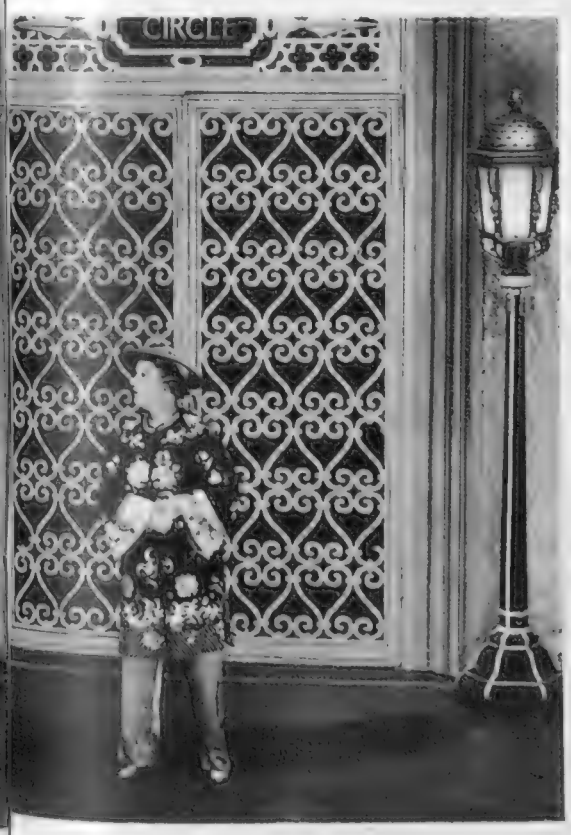
Mr. Gordon Sherry has done his work well in writing this story of a man accused of murdering his mistress and saved from disaster by his wife. If wives do this sort of thing in real life, so much the better, but I doubt it. The wife, played by Miss Rawlings with so much force and colour, took off most of her clothes in order to save her husband from the gallows. Why she did this those who see the play can figure out for themselves; I am not going to advise anyone to see it, owing to the unfortunate fate of the last play I recommended. She also impersonated the woman her husband was alleged to have murdered. Anyway, it will all of it be found highly exciting by those who are able to find this sort of thing highly exciting.

The supporting cast is uniformly good, notably Mr. Lawrence Anderson, whose lawyer is as dramatically sonorous as the monk-lawyer he played in Shaw's *Saint Joan*.

A EUGENE O'NEILL REVIVAL: Flora Robson in the title role of *Anna Christie* which is being presented for a limited run at the Westminster Theatre. Miss Robson gives a brilliant but rather different interpretation of this part from that of her predecessors, making the character incline to the intensely masterful rather than the pathetic. She is here seen in argument with her father, concerning her threatened departure from the coal barge

TWENTY YEARS AFTER: The old seaman (Edward Rigby) meets his daughter Anna (Flora Robson) and induces her to come and live with him aboard his coal barge, on which the subsequent action takes place

"AND HOW THOU PLEASEST, GOD, DISPOSE THE DAY": The King (Laurence Olivier) before the battle of Agincourt in the Old Vic revival of *Henry V*. Mr. Olivier gives the part a certain austerity that is perhaps not quite in keeping with the King's character, but taken on the whole his performance is excellent



Part of a cinema attendant in Chinese costume and Edwin Hackett's latest comedy, *London After Dark*, which recently is once again at her twittering best in a role written to of drollery. Also in the cast is Cathleen Nesbitt who would rather be mother to the corpse or to the murderer"

Yvette Guilbert again.—That wonderful woman Yvette Guilbert seems to have taken a new lease of life. She was certainly marvellously rejuvenated at her recital at the Grotrian Hall last week.

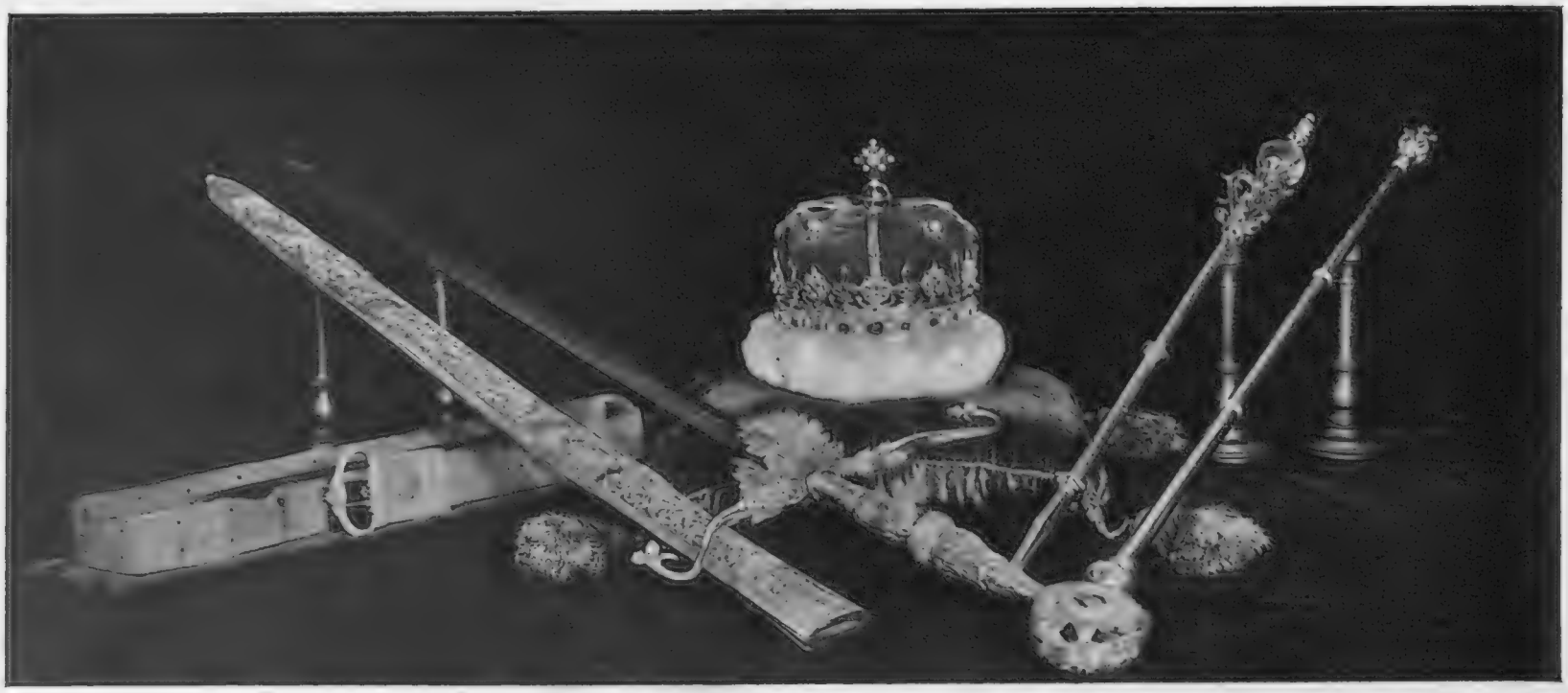
I saw her five or six years ago at the Ambassadeurs in Paris and thought her powers were beginning to fail a little, which would hardly have been surprising considering she was a big star in Paris, London, and New York far back in the early 'nineties. But now she is again at the top of her form, singing piquant little ditties in slangy French, which so many English people pretend to understand and dutifully roar at, though for them it might be Choc-taw.

On this occasion she not only sang but talked. Much of her recital was, in fact, a lecture, though that is a heavyish term to apply to anything so wholly delightful and entertaining. If she seemed to some of us to talk a little too much, that was only because we wanted to hear some more singing. And yet, in the strictly vocal sense, she has hardly any voice at all.

In short, like most women who are great artistes, can defy time, and possess a personality as strong as it is indescribable, Yvette Guilbert is an enigma—with variations.

Vic-Wells Appeal.—An appeal for further financial support for the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells is made in a letter signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Churchill, Sir Edward Marsh, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, Lord Hambleden, and Edith Evans. The total debt of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells has now been reduced from £30,000 to £15,000; but even more urgent than the £15,000 still owing is the need of an extension to Sadler's Wells for the deepening of the stage and the provision of additional rehearsal rooms and of scene-dock and wardrobe space. An opportunity had arisen of purchasing the necessary freehold behind the theatre, the cost of land and building being £15,000. Contributions should be sent to Sir Reginald Rowe, 16, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

A Coronation Costume Ball is to be held at the Albert Hall on Thursday, May 13, to help provide a National Theatre. Tickets at 3 guineas (including supper) may be obtained from the Albert Hall, the ticket agencies, the National Theatre Committee, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 19, Upper Grosvenor Street.



TREASURES OF EDINBURGH CASTLE—THE SCOTTISH REGALIA: The items reading from left to right are as follows:—The Belt of the Sword of State, the 5 ft. Sword of State which was presented to James IV by Pope Julius II in 1507, the Crown of Robert the Bruce, the Sceptre, and the Lord High Treasurer's Mace

SCOTLAND'S CROWN JEWELS

The Extraordinary Vicissitudes of the "Honours of the Scottish Kingdom" in Their Long and Eventful History

WHEN one remembers how the Puritans succeeded in "irrevocably dispersing" the Regalia of England, the gratitude of all good Scots must go out to those intrepid spirits who saved the Scottish Regalia from a like fate. For, although smaller in number, that of Scotland is in some ways even more interesting and ancient. When the Roundheads were winning everywhere in the South, the Scots became terrified for the safety of the national jewels. They lodged them in Dunottar Castle under the care of a soldier, George Ogilvie of Barras. As the enemy came nearer and nearer several attempts were made to remove the Regalia farther north into the heart of the Highlands. For some reason this was never accomplished; and presently Lambert's army appeared and laid siege to the Castle of Dunottar, and it seemed as if the Scottish Regalia must suffer the same fate as that of England. But the enemy reckoned without feminine guile and resourcefulness.

The Keiths of Dunottar Castle have been Hereditary Earl Mareschals of Scotland since the days of Malcolm III (1002), who appointed the Keith of that time, Robert Keith, to be his Earl Mareschal. Lady Keith, wife of the Earl Mareschal of King Charles's time, realising the danger to the Regalia when the Puritans surrounded the Castle, determined to outwit them and save the treasure. With the help of Mrs. Ogilvie and Mrs. Grainger, a minister's wife, she wrapped up the jewels in pieces of lint, and managed to smuggle them through the enemy lines without being detected. They were carried to the little church of Kinneff, where they were safely hidden under the pavement of the church. The clergyman and his wife watched the treasure night and day. The Puritans were furious when they at last entered the Castle and found the treasure had disappeared. They tried to force the secret of its hiding place from Mrs. Ogilvie and her husband, but they refused to speak. Mrs. Ogilvie, indeed, suffered so much from the treatment she received that she eventually died from the effects of it. All this time Lady Keith had been constantly on the alert diverting the hunt when it came too close. She succeeded. The secret was well kept, and the treasure remained safely in its hiding-place until the Restoration, when it was safe to restore it to the custody of the Earl Mareschal.

Then came the Act of Union in 1707, under which it was decreed that the "Crown, Sceptres and Sword of State, records of Parliament, etc., continue to be kept as they are in that part of the United Kingdom, now called Scotland, and that they shall so remain in all time coming, notwithstanding of the Union." In March of that same year, 1707, the Commissioners of the Treasury decided that it would be advisable for the Regalia to be kept out of sight. They took possession of it and lodged it in an iron chest in the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle where no one could view it. For years no one did see it. All sorts of rumours arose; it was believed that English spies had seized the relics and removed them to England or that they had been stolen. The Crown Room itself had only once been opened during a hundred years, and on that occasion no one had looked inside the chest. At last in 1818 a Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. Sir Walter Scott was a member of this Commission which was given authority to open the chest. This was at once done, and great was the relief when the ancient regalia was found to be intact and safe. The whole country was delighted; the royal standard was hoisted on the Castle tower; and the ancient jewels were placed in proper custody. They remain in the Castle to this day. Some relics of the Stuarts were added to the collection by order of William IV in 1830, but otherwise the Regalia of Scotland to be seen now in Edinburgh is as it was when the undaunted Lady Keith saved it from destruction by the Roundheads nearly three hundred years ago.

THE REGALIA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY: *Left*—As it appears now behind the massive iron grille in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle. *Right*—The well-known engraving representing Mr. and Mrs. Grainger in the act of concealing the jewels in Kinneff church after they had been smuggled out of Dunottar Castle under the eyes of the Cromwellians. They remained safely there until the Restoration

THE CROWN OF ROBERT THE BRUCE: This elegant diadem, which was given its existing form in 1536, was last used in 1651 by Charles II. After the Treaty of Union in 1707 it was deposited in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle being allowed to remain in the great chest there until brought to light again over 100 years later by a State Commission which included Sir Walter Scott

The story of the Crown itself is worth telling. There may be some part of it which formed the crown of Malcolm Canmore in 1057. But it was almost certainly used for the coronation of David II in 1329, and it may have contained as foundation the simple circle used by the Bruce at Scone in 1308. James I used gold from the mine at Crawford Moor to improve it; and this was the crown set upon the head of that hapless baby, nine months old, in the great church at Stirling, when, wailing and crying, the sceptre was thrust into the tiny hand of her who was later known as Mary Queen of Scots. Both Charles I (at Scone) and Charles II (at "Holyrud housse") wore it at their coronations in Scotland. There is a most interesting manuscript giving a full description of the latter event in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh.

There is a story of Sir Walter Scott and an old lady of the family of Maxwell, concerning the Regalia, which is worth telling. She was about ninety years old, when the chest was opened and the Regalia found to be safely inside. Being afraid that she might not live until it had been set up and arranged for public exhibition, she begged Sir Walter to procure for her a private view of the treasures. This he was able to do; and he describes with much feeling, how at sight of the ancient jewels, she fell down on her knees before the Crown, and wept long and sore over it, evidently picturing in her mind the glories and tragedies connected with these emblems of the Sovereigns of her race.

The Crown is beautiful, partly of French and partly of English workmanship. The jewels are mainly diamonds and pearls with sapphires alternating with diamonds in the upper circle. There are enamel figures adorning the four arches that spring from the top circle culminating in a large amethyst and a large pearl in the "crosspatée." The initials I.R. V are just below this; and the same letters are to be seen on the sceptre, which bears three figures, those of the Virgin, of St. Andrew, and St. John.

The Sword of State is a very fine one, ornamented with oak leaves and acorns, the badge of Pope Julius II, who had presented it to King James IV.

(*Continued on page* 170)

The Progress of Air Force Expansion

Sir Thomas Inskip Visits the Busy Handley-Page Works at Cricklewood and Addresses 2,000 Employees

FULL SPEED AHEAD AT THE HANDLEY-PAGE WORKS: An impression of the vast construction shop at Cricklewood where 2,000 men are engaged in the mass production of giant long-range bombers under the Royal Air Force expansion scheme. Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, visited the place last week and spent some time watching the progress of the work. A few weeks ago it was reported that Britain's air re-armament programme was lagging behind schedule, but since then arrangements have been made for the extension of various factories and, as a result a very considerable speeding up is now anticipated

"THE SUCCESS OF THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE SCHEME DEPENDS ON YOU" said Sir Thomas Inskip as he addressed a big gathering of employees during his visit to the Handley-Page works; a visit that had as one of its objects the encouragement of the men to maintain a high standard and a high rate of production

BRITAIN IMPORTS FOREIGN FIGHTERS

A Course of Action which is Already Having the Most Beneficial Effects on the Sport of Boxing in This Country

By CHARLES GRAVES

"BLOND TIGER": Walter Neusel, the German boxer, who since he came to this country is reputed to have earned at least £25,000. He has no science, being just a fighter willing to give and take unlimited punishment

THE growing cavalcade of foreign boxers is now beginning to equal if not surpass the procession of foreign film stars to this country. Betty Compston was the first Hollywood star to be imported—by Michael Balcon and Victor Saville—twelve years ago. There was a gap of some years and then suddenly they started to troop over, first from the Continent and then from Hollywood. It is true that, with the exception of Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sydney and a dozen others, the imported film actresses have been slightly on the skids. Nevertheless, a great deal of attention has been paid publicly to the amount of money that they were taking out of the country. Still, if London Films, Elstree, and other film companies had not imported international names, the British film industry would be where it was ten years ago. And just as the English directors, actresses, actors, and even technicians, have learnt a great deal from working with these stars, so it is at least to be hoped that the importation of foreign boxers will raise the standard of fisticuffs in this country. That at least is the devout hope of Arthur Elvin and General Critchley, the two chief promoters of boxing in this country.

At the present minute this country has only one probable world beater—in the shape of Peter Kane. But then the average height of an Englishman is in the neighbourhood of 5 ft. 7 ins., which means that you cannot expect us to produce many heavyweights. Actually I fancy that one has to go back to the 'eighties for the last occasion when a genuine heavyweight championship of the world was fought in this country. That was between Frank Slavin and Peter Jackson at the old National Sporting Club. It is to be hoped, however, that the big purses now available for heavyweights will provide us once again with a heavyweight champion of the world. The Daily Mail's £2,000 search for heavyweight talent adds to the possibilities, but there are some, especially in Tonypandy, who are saying we need not look far.

It was C. B. Cochran who promoted the fight between Freddie Welsh and Willie Ritchie at Olympia in 1913 for the lightweight championship of the world—the first time that even this world's title had been fought for in England for many years. It was C. B. Cochran, too, who brought Micky Walker to fight Tommy Milligan for the middleweight championship of the world in the 'twenties. That was the first time, too, that the world's title at this weight had been fought for in England for many years. I may add that Micky Walker was paid £15,000 for this fight, the highest sum ever paid a boxer in this country. But then C. B. Cochran holds most records in the show business. It was he, of course, who staged the Carpentier–Joe Beckett fight at the Holborn Stadium, which seated 2,300 people and drew £29,000, the ringside seats being 25 guineas and standing room being 3 guineas. "International fights are always a big draw," C. B. was saying to me last week, "they bring in people whose patriotism rather than pure affection for boxing is affected."

To follow the procession of foreign boxers to this country since just after the war when Eddie McGoorty and Pal Moore fought over here, we must remember Major Arnold Wilson who continued to employ Carpentier and who also brought over Frank Moran, the fighting dentist, and other American fighters. Jeff Dickson carried the flag after that. It was he who introduced Carnera, Young Stribling, Walter Neusel, that admirable but unlucky fighter Petit Biquet, and of course Al Browne. Indeed, Al Browne and Maxie Rosenbloom (whom Tommy Milligan knocked out so unexpectedly) were two of the only fighters with championship titles whom we saw over here for a number of years. I should think that Al Browne must have done our smaller men a great deal of good indirectly. His speed, footwork, and straight left were a revelation.

I may be forgetting a few names, but the next foreign title holder I recall who came over here was Freddie Miller. Freddie Miller sometimes had two fights in a week, beating all comers over a period of months. He in turn must have done English boxing a great deal of good. Even if Peter Kane himself did not see him, his manager must have done so. I notice when I come to John Henry Lewis, another world's title holder, that I have left out Marcel Thil, imported to fight Len Harvey. Thil was middleweight champion of the world, I fancy, at the time. He presumably set the pace, therefore, for our heavyweights of whom Jock McAvoy is a good example. John Henry Lewis also fought Len Harvey and again set up a new standard—in this case for light-heavyweights.

And so we come to the boxing programme for the Coronation season. Following last week's bouts at Harringay, we can now look forward to Buddy Baer fighting Ben Foord on May 6, with Pete Sarron fighting Crowley as a secondary attraction. On June 3, Farr may meet Walter Neusel. Thereafter a host of possibilities present themselves, but at the moment it is impossible to forecast the turn of events with any degree of accuracy. Farr may meet Louis or Schmeling, or possibly both, and it is hoped that London will be the venue of the encounters.

Since his arrival in this country Walter Neusel has earned at least £25,000, in the course of which he has eliminated Jack Petersen permanently. Jack Petersen himself is credited with having saved £30,000. Personally I doubt it, although he became the greatest draw since Carpentier. One can presume that income-tax, sur-tax, and the percentages he has had to give to his manager will have reduced his fortune to at least half this sum. Max Baer received £4,500 for his fight with Tommy Farr. Joe Louis, they say, is to receive £20,000 for fighting here in July. Short-sighted people who complain of these sums leaving the country are positively astigmatic. The money that these star names draw into the box office enables the promoters to provide employment for dozens of British boxers whose own personalities are not yet sufficiently magnetic.

A BRITISH HOPE: Jock McAvoy, whose fighting qualities won him such popularity a short while ago in America when he made a vain but gallant attempt to win a world championship

THEY NEVER COME BACK: Max Baer, whose unexpected defeat at the hands of Tommy Farr, the British and British Empire champion, shattered his hopes of ever regaining the heavyweight crown he lost to James J. Braddock

John Henry Lewis was paid £4,000 free of tax, together with four steamship tickets, for his fight. Max Baer's £4,500 was also free of tax, by the way. Kingfish Levinsky, who meets Jack Doyle on April 27, is receiving only £2,000 for his fight. Small Montana, who is on the same bill meeting Pat Palmer, is to get £750. For his world's title fight the other day with Bennie Lynch he received £2,000 free of tax, together with his return fare. That fight, one of the most enjoyable I have ever seen, was another of those rare events in this country—a world's title fight, Small Montana being undisputed flyweight champion of the United States even now.

The great difference between the planning and promotion of fights to-day and in the past is that now the organisers have a continuity of programme. In the past a champion such as Micky Walker was brought over for one fight. To-day they come over for a series of consecutive fights. As you see, Harringay has its whole programme booked until the autumn. It enables the promoters to scale their prices if only because most of the imported boxers are prepared to fight on a percentage. Even Joe Louis is going to do so. I might say that the fight between Joe Louis and Schmeling cannot be given a definite date. We must wait for the contract between Braddock and Schmeling for a fight on June 3 at Long Island to be disposed of. Briefly, a guarantee of £20,000 was offered to Braddock to fight at Long Island, but as he has now been offered £100,000 to fight in Chicago he will presumably choose the latter. Win or lose it means security for life.

Though I do not suggest that Arthur Elvin or General Critchley is actuated purely by philanthropic motives—after all, they have their shareholders and their dividends to consider—it will nevertheless be interesting to see whether their efforts to attract as many of the best foreign boxers as possible to London will result in a number of world's champions springing up in this country. For years our lawn-tennis players were beaten by the Australians, the Americans, and the French. Finally, and as a direct result of competition with them, Fred Perry and others became world-beaters. There seems no reason why the same should not occur in boxing. That public attention is focussed on the need for absolute physical fitness of boxers is stressed a good deal by promoters. I regard this, however, as somewhat specious. What we really want is to produce new world's champions, and it seems the importation of all these foreign boxers will do the trick.

ZOO NEWS: *The Bongos Make Their Bow: The Brush Turkey's Thermometer*

"HALLELUJAH": This is the appropriate name of the first baby camel to be born at Whipsnade open-air zoo. His limbs as yet are under very imperfect control, while the two humps are at present so devoid of fat as to suggest empty glove fingers or deflated balloons

EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON ZOO FOR THE FIRST TIME: This female bongo, belonging to the rarest and most elusive species of East African antelope, was caught by Colonel E. Percy-Smith in the Aberdare forests and brought home by the Gandar-Dower East African Expedition. On the journey the bongo gave birth to a calf, and now, having finished their period of quarantine, the two of them are on exhibition in Regent's Park—a unique sight in that they are the only specimens of their kind to reach these shores alive. The bongo is the largest of the harnessed antelopes and has a coat of rich chestnut. The body is marked with a series of white, vertical stripes

SURVIVOR: Rachel, a female babiroussa or wild pig, with her newly born offspring at London Zoo. He had a twin brother, but ruthless and wanton Rachel killed him when only a few hours old

HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR: A baby Indian blackbuck at Regent's Park takes a mighty leap across the enclosure

NATURE'S INCUBATOR CONSTRUCTOR: Whipsnade's Australian Brush Turkey is an ingenious and industrious fellow. When the mating season comes along he scours about for twigs and rotting leaves and heaps these up into a vast mound as depicted on left. This mound gradually generates heat and in order to test its intensity the turkey uses as a thermometer the curious pendulous growth beneath his throat which makes its appearance at this time. When he is satisfied that the temperature is just right the female bird deposits her eggs in the mound and there, in course of time, they duly hatch out

SCHOLARS SEE THE GAY CITY: This party of English schoolboys recently went over to Paris on a sightseeing tour and are pictured here in the grounds of the International Exhibition, the opening of which is due to take place sometime next month. Year by year lowering of fares and speeding up of transport are making these scholastic expeditions more easy of accomplishment

ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE: Some of the 680 English schoolchildren, who have been spending eight days in Coblenz, seen during the wireless concert of English songs which they gave from Radio Coblenz

FRÄULEINS AT FORDINGBRIDGE: A musical interlude at the German Girls' Camp held recently in Hampshire. It proved a great success

YOUTHFUL ENVOYS OF THE REICH: German and English youths returning after a day spent in road-building work. They were members of the Good-will Camp, held at Dauntsey's School, Wiltshire, with the declared object of increasing Anglo-German understanding. Before leaving the Germans were given a farewell dinner

TRAVEL AS EDUCATION

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Down to the Sea Again with H. M. Tomlinson: James Hilton Depicts Life in a Cathedral City: A Travel Book to Note

By VERNON FANE

MR. H. M. TOMLINSON has long delighted the discriminating with a prose that combines dignity and distinction with a unique clarity and a flavour of its own. At its best it has been concerned with fact and fiction about those who go down to the sea in ships and have their business in great waters; there are lovely, lasting things in *London River*, *The Sea and the Jungle*, and *Gallcons Reach*. It is all the more strange, therefore, that Mr. Tomlinson's most popular success should have been with a war book, *All Our Yesterdays*.

Maybe it is that the sea is not "popular" among those whose demand for current fiction turns books into best sellers, but if anyone for that reason misses Mr. Tomlinson's new novel **ALL HANDS!** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) he will be neglecting what by any standards must be declared to be a masterpiece.

For Mr. Tomlinson goes down to the sea again in the good ship *Hestia*. At least, in so far as she is the heroine of the novel, and no one can fail to be moved when, on the last page, she limps into harbour, she is a good ship. For some of the men in her there was an uneasy feeling that she was anything but good. Others of her officers and crew knew her, feared her, but still contrived to love her with a passion passing the love of women.

The old freighter was the subject of sailors' talk while her skipper lay dying in an Eastern port. What the new skipper knew of her he did not reveal, any more than the grand old "Chief" who died in her service in surely the most vivid and tremendous storm ever imagined in fiction. So indeed could the wise old shipwright have put his finger on the practical source of her "hoodoo" legend, had she not been dry docked at the little port of Bridstow for reasons of economy which did not permit of such serious discoveries.

Did the owner know she was not fit to brave the storm rigours of the North Atlantic after she had made Palermo? Certainly he was shaken when the luxury liner upon which he was travelling was diverted from its course to stand by the sorely battered *Hestia*. Did the daughter of his old friend whom he was agitated to find a passenger in the freighter, know? Whatever she knew, the love interest does not wane.

What a grand novel this is; moving, swift, dramatic, plain, simple; a story that rises at moments to the grandeur of great and unforgettable prose. In fact, a book that stands so far out from the ruck of contemporary novels that everyone with the slightest appreciation for the best in literature must get it, keep it, and treasure it.

In **WE ARE NOT ALONE** (Macmillan. 6s.) Mr. James Hilton returns to the manner and form of *Mr. Chips*, a story told with the economy of a *nouvelle* and contrived about the character of a lovable man. We have the key to Dr. Newcombe's personality when we learn that in the little off-the-map cathedral town of Calderbury he was known as "the little doctor."

He was much loved, principally by his poorer patients, and consequently tolerated by the "Cathedral" relatives of his rather forbidding wife. All the more reason why we are startled to learn, at the outset, that he was afterwards tried and hanged for the murder of his wife.

The story is what the Americans call a build-up for the little doctor—done with all Mr. Hilton's considerable and unobtrusive skill, working towards the hypothesis that the trial was an awful miscarriage of justice. In the build-up Mr. Hilton more than succeeds; he brings the little doctor vividly to life as well as presenting a realistic picture of life in the cathedral town. Only in the introduction of a German dancer into the doctor's household and in the relationship between them does the story strain at credulity.

On this score, too, it stands or falls by the plausibility of the conviction and subsequent hanging of the doctor and the girl upon evidence that was purely circumstantial, even admitting the extenuating circumstances of the anti-spy fever of the early war years. For me it fails, and as the story has no meaning from any other point of view I cannot place it among Mr. Hilton's successes.

One very small point. "He had, by the way, a peculiar style of mounting and dismounting; he would wheel the machine a few paces, stare at it intensely for a second or two, and then, with an extraordinary upwards and sideways leap, launch himself on to the saddle by means of a projecting 'step' on the back axle. I never saw another cyclist do anything like it . . ." But surely that is how we all got on in the early days of safety bicycles

> "To call the girl Gulla
> Sounds richer and fuller
> Than using the duller
> More commonplace Gulla."

Thus Mr. John Carlin in a skittish prefatory note to his **GULLA THE TRAMP** (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.), an account of contemporary African exploration. The inhabitants of the British Isles, and there are probably statistics to prove this, read more travel books in a year than the inhabitants of any other civilised country. As for the uncivilised countries, their inhabitants are fully occupied in providing the raw material for the travel books. Which digression is only to introduce the fact that in this respect I am typically English. Every new book of journeyings is hailed by me with honest enthusiasm. I am what the Americans would call "a pushover" for travel stuff.

Once or twice a year my naive expectations are rewarded by a beautiful book from Miss Freya Stark, or by the flippancies of Mr. Peter Fleming. Sometimes the telling of the story is undistinguished, but the adventure itself is on such a magnificent scale that a bare log book report is enough to convey it. Sometimes the photographs are beautiful and rare enough to have formed a book in themselves. With such a friendly bias towards the subject I am rarely disappointed.

As for this week's contribution to my special shelf, Mr. Carlin writes as the travel companion of a German woman scientist, exploring the French Cameroons with a study of ethnology as her particular purpose. Both of them show the enterprise, cheerfulness, and astonishing indifference to discomfort that seems to be the stock-in-trade of such travellers. Their exploits are more arduous than heroic, but they are beyond the physical range of most of us, and perhaps that, after all, is where the great charm of these books lies.

CURTSEY WHILE YOU'RE THINKING (Williams and Norgate. 15s.) is a title which all good lovers of *Alice* will recognise. "Curtsey while you're thinking, it saves time," wrote Lewis Carroll, and Miss Gertrude Kingston, suitably grateful one supposes for the advice and the inspiration, has adopted it as the heading for her book of memories, through which I have just been tearing at breakneck speed.

(Continued on page 168)

BOOKS RECEIVED

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE BLUE BOOK OF DUPLICATE BRIDGE. By Harold Thorne. 2s. KING EDWARD VIII: His Life and Reign. By Hector Bolitho. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—ROAD THROUGH TO KURDISTAN: The Narrative of an Engineer in Iraq. By A. M. Hamilton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. FOYLE'S WELSH CO.—WHAT IS HAPPENING IN WALES? By W. Hughes Jones. 9d. GOLLANCZ.—DEFENCE OF MADRID. By Geoffrey Cox. 2s. 6d. DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By I. Compton-Burnett. 7s. 6d. GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—HOLIDAY HAUNTS: 1937 Coronation Edition. 6d. HAMILTON.—FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CUSTOMERS. By Carl Crow. Drawings by Carl Crow. 10s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—LEGENDARY LONDON. By Lewis Spence. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. TALE OF AN OLD SOLDIER. By William Crutchlow. 7s. 6d. GAY PRELUDE. By Christian Folkard. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—A HISTORY OF THE MERCHANT NAVY. By H. Moyse-Bartlett. Illustrated. 7s 6d. HEINEMANN.—VERY HEAVEN. By Richard Aldington. 7s. 6d. A TIME TO LAUGH. By Rhys Davies. 8s. 6d. THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—EDWARD VIII—DUKE OF WINDSOR. By Basil Maine. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—MEN WERE DIFFERENT: Five Studies in Late Victorian Biography. By Shane Leslie. 12s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE TWELVE MONTHS. By Llewelyn Powys. Engravings by Robert Gibbings. 10s. 6d. THE PRIMROSE PATH. By Ogden Nash. Illustrations by Soglow. 6s. THE YEAR'S POETRY 1936: A Representative Selection. Compiled by Denys Kilham Roberts and John Lehmann. 6s. FOR MEMBERS ONLY. By Peter Arno. Introduction by Stanley Walker. 10s. 6d. NO LEFT TURN. By Ann Knox. 7s. 6d. MACLEHOSE. UNDER SAIL THROUGH RED DEVON: Being the Log of the Voyage of "Sandpiper." By Raymond B. Cattell. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—NINEPENNY FLUTE: Twenty-One Tales. By A. E. Coppard. 7s. 6d. THE FLYING WASP: Essays on the Modern Theatre. By Sean O'Casey. 6s. THE CATHEDRAL: A Play in Three Acts. By Hugh Walpole. 3s. 6d. THE BLIND FOR SACRIFICE. By John Owen. 7s. 6d.

BRILLIANT HEAD-WORK

When Clothes Are Simple Hats Develop Character

FOR ASCOT or a Royal garden party there is the large hat on the right, in briar-rose hemp straw, trimmed with petersham piping beneath the brim and ribbons thrust through a bunch of wine-coloured cornflowers. This is a model from Gorringes.

COCKTAIL parties call for small and vivacious hats. The one on the right, of white silk jersey softly draped, with petersham ribbons, and a crinoline veil fixed to the elastic which holds it on, is of this persuasion. This, too, comes from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

FLOWER head-dresses are charming when one visits the theatre, for they add a note of colour and importance to a demure dress. The one below, which comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W., is composed of shaded hyacinths and blue velvet ribbons fixed to a bandeau and finished with a lightly spotted veil.

EASTERN in origin, with a brim like a tyre, in fine sewn straw, this is a hat for luncheon parties and afternoon engagements. The plaited crown is of turquoise blue velvet ribbon, and the bow rests on the hair at the side or back. It comes from Swan and Edgar.

THE ONLY WOMAN ENTRANT for the Campbell Trophy Race which will be held on the new concrete road track at Brooklands on Saturday, May 1. Mrs. G. M. Hawkes about to start on a practise run at Brooklands

A NEW CAR MAKES ITS APPEARANCE

A Description of the New 10-h.p. Ford and Other Motoring Matters

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE Ford Motor Company have now produced a completely new 10-h.p. model. It is not in any sense a re-design of the model which has been so popular of late, but a completely new chassis and body, with the exception of the power unit which has given such eminent satisfaction in the past. People like myself who drive a considerable mileage on the road in a car with an engine between 20 and 30 h.p. cannot fail to have been impressed with the speed of what was then known as the De Luxe Ford. Its performance in this direction was quite remarkable, and I am, therefore, not surprised that the manufacturers have retained the engine in the new model that has just been announced.

The new car, whether it is fitted with closed or open coachwork, has a most distinctive appearance, is extremely modern but the note of modernity is not over accentuated and from what I have seen it affords an outstanding amount of comfort to the occupants. The average British car owner, even if he is not the possessor of a car of less than 12 h.p. has a sneaking admiration for this type. Bearing that in mind and the fact that this new Ford Ten comes on the market with an enviable reputation built up by its predecessor it is not being over optimistic to predict that this latest product of Dagenham is going to be one of the most popular Tens on the British market. Now for some technical details. This latest Ford has a new braking system, radiator grille bonnet, instrument panel, interior fittings, wheels, rear luggage and spare wheel compartment, larger batteries and petrol tank, new engine mounting and spring suspension, and a longer wheelbase. The wheelbase is 7 ft. 10 ins. with an overall length of 13 ft., including the front and back bumpers. The length of the wheel-base has made it possible to adopt the "centre-poise" riding which is comparable with that on the well-known V-8 models. By this design the passengers in the rear seats are able to enjoy the same luxury in travel as those in the front seats. In other words all occupants of the car have seats between the front and rear axles. Indirectly, this design allows the manufacturers to give the car a better appearance, nicer steering, and better road holding qualities. Then again with this seating arrangement all passengers have a generous amount of leg-room, more than is usually found in the average 10-h.p. car.

Another very desirable and commendable feature is the large luggage compartment which can be filled or emptied without disturbing the passengers in the rear seats. We also find that the spare wheel is out of sight in a compartment underneath the luggage space. Apart from the improved appearance arising from this provision the spare wheel is away from any injury which it might receive from an accidental knock or the effects of the weather. What is more it is in a lock-up compartment to prevent it from being easily stolen.

It is difficult to describe the easy flowing lines of the car as a whole. The result, however, is most pleasing and gives the impression that the car really belongs to a class above that which its price would indicate. The interior is just as pleasing as the exterior. It is sumptuously fitted with all sorts of comforts for the passengers. Perhaps the most interesting feature on the mechanical side is the adoption of Girling brakes. This is the first Ford car to be fitted with this well-known braking system and, although I have not had the opportunity of testing the car yet, I know that these brakes are both positive in action and light to operate. A pistol-grip hand-brake is fitted centrally under the instrument panel, thus providing additional foot space on the floor. Pressed steel wheels which are very easy to clean, extremely strong and yet smart in appearance form part of the standard equipment. I am glad to note that traffic indicators are of self-cancelling type which, in my opinion, are the only kind that should be fitted to a car. Dual vacuum type windscreen wipers are provided and the lamps combine head and parking lights in one.

Although the engine of the previous model has been retained it has been slightly modified. Four "live" rubber mountings support the power unit, absorbing the engine vibration in an efficient manner. The bearings of the crankshaft now have white metal linings resulting in oil economy and quieter operation. The clutch withdrawal gear, when assembled in the factory, is charged with lubricant and needs no further attention during the working life of the car. The spring pressure automatically removes the need for adjustment between the contact surfaces which arises from ordinary wear.

An ashtray and clock assembly is placed in a central position on the instrument board and all the instruments are exceptionally large and, therefore, easy to read.

The prices are extremely moderate, for example, £143 for the two-door saloon, whilst the annual tax is only £7 10s. per annum. Not only are the Ford Motor Company to be congratulated on the excellence of this new car but also for giving a practical demonstration that when improvements can be made it is good policy to give them to the public straight away and not to wait until Show time comes round.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE FORD RANGE: The new Ford Ten double-entrance saloon which gives full and generous accommodation for four people. A special feature of this attractive body is the luggage compartment, which is accessible from outside the car. Girling brakes are a standard fitting

There are probably thousands of miles of main highways in this country which are only broad enough for three lines of traffic abreast and it has become noticeable that where such roads exist there is a growing tendency to paint lines on the road dividing it into three lanes, the idea being that all traffic should keep to the near-side lane and only come out in the central one in order to overtake. On previous occasions I have pointed out the danger which this plan creates. The trouble is that when following behind a large vehicle, such as a lorry or a bus, and one pulls out to overtake one may meet head-on another car trying to do the same thing in the opposite direction. The danger, of course, is accentuated on corners, but in fairness to the local authorities I find it is almost the universal custom to divide the road into two lanes only in such places. However, on the straights it is definitely asking for trouble and I am strongly of the opinion that the disadvantages of the three-lane plan definitely out-weigh its advantages. Driving along the Barnet by-pass the other day I noticed an army of painters obliterating as far as possible the yellow lines defining the three lanes and busily occupied in painting a continuous line down the centre of the road, which indicated to me that at last the local authority had realised the danger created by the three lanes. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I saw about three miles farther on another army of painters repainting the yellow dots indicating the three traffic lines. Even if the Ministry of Transport has not had time to carry out its own decisions regarding such matters I should have thought that they would issue recommendations to the local authorities which would prevent such a confusion of ideas as I have indicated.

Writing of painting reminds me that the wielders of the brush have been busy on the Kingston by-pass, and in most commendable manner have painted the kerbs snowy white. Whether this activity is dictated by the desire to be gay at Coronation time or not I am unable to say, but it does seem rather absurd to embark on this job in April the kerbs having been left unpainted throughout the winter when their present whiteness would have been of great assistance to drivers during the mists and fogs of winter.

"Equal to anything" would make a good motto for an R.A.C. guide—certainly, it is descriptive of his all-round usefulness.

Combining, as he does, the versatility of guide, point duty policeman, motor mechanic, and First Aid man, he may well be regarded as the "Admirable Crichton" of the road.

The latest account of his prowess comes from Dorchester where, appealed to by an excited motorist whose car had just been stolen, a guide immediately gave chase, caught the thief (who was drunk) and, at some personal risk, held him until the police arrived. In the words of the grateful car owner "His prompt assistance not only saved my car but probably the life of the man who stole it. The help he so readily gave is typical of the help an R.A.C. guide is ready and willing to give to any motorist."

YORKSHIRE'S NEW HIGHWAY TO THE COAST: A view of the fine new road under construction from Leeds and the West Riding to Scarborough. The section seen above is at Barton Hill level crossing, which is being replaced by a fly-over bridge. The new road has two lanes for traffic with a cycle track on each side

This England . . .

Porlock Bay, showing Hurlstone Point

BEHIND the sheltered strand of this gently curving bay lies Exmoor — country of wild ponies, stern heights and legendary mists. Such sudden contrasts, side by side, are typical of the English scene — the rough with the smooth, the gentle cheek by jowl with the strong. So, too, with the character of the people and their ways — even the grand old English beer shows it, soft yet of strong heart, full of tang yet round upon the tongue. But no doubt you already know your Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page 164*)

There was no time limit set on my reading; my hurry was purely a result of Miss Kingston's style, which bustles the reader along, precipitates him into the middle of the General Strike and leaves him to find his own way out through a maze of table-turning and planchette-reading to Wiesbaden and the Army of Occupation. It is an exhilarating, headlong pace, for Miss Kingston has a fine contempt for chronology and admits it. Her one concession to the rules of conventional biography is to occupy her first chapter with a delightful account of her childhood, a childhood being the accepted prelude to the most exceptional life-stories.

Miss Kingston seems always to have been fortunate in her friends, a happy state of affairs which is probably due more to a quality in her than to any chance circumstance. Ellen Terry, with that "net of enchantment that she flung over man, woman, child alike"; Maurice Baring, who suggested that she should give a dinner party for men only and, on second thoughts, "that it would be more original if there were no women at all"; the lovely Princess Hanna Liechtenstein, the Forbes-Robertsons, Major Cavendish Fitzroy, who, on being asked by the author how to address a certain duke, answered in some perplexity "'Pon my word, I can't help you. I always begin 'Dear Cousin,'" and Oscar Wilde drinking black coffee with *petits verres* thrown into it, and later, it seems, giving excellent posthumous advice on publicity.

Painting, public speaking, and writing are only three of the activities that have enlivened Miss Kingston's career so far. Acting has been her chief interest, and with Shaw to write a play for her and the Little Theatre built to her own designs she has had a more than ordinary success in that profession. There was a time when "a Gertrude Kingston part" was a label that she dreaded, but eventually, and under the ægis of such dramatists as Shaw, Henry Arthur Jones, and later Lonsdale. Miss Kingston proved her versatility. Her sense of theatre had been proved, once and for all, in an interview with Victorien Sardou.

Theatrical memoirs are dull stuff as a rule, but *Curtsey While You're Thinking* by no means falls into that category. It is a lively, scrappy, often prejudiced and always entertaining life-story of a woman who can write that "life resolves itself into a trial of strength of character against the force of circumstance."

When a beautiful peasant girl marries a young king, sober historical fact takes on the glamour of a Strauss operetta, and when the background is a lovely, wild Balkan country it becomes all the more a romantic story and less a part of almost contemporary history.

In 1900 King Alexander I of Serbia married Draga Masin, the beautiful widow of one of his own officers, and ten years his senior. It is at that point that the story begins to slip a little from the accepted conventions of such romances. Draga had been an attractive but totally undistinguished girl in a peasant family when Mihailo Masin's offer of marriage came to change her life and sweep her on to the strange and tragic climax which is the *finale* of Miss Bertita Harding's **ROYAL PURPLE** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.).

Miss Harding tells the story of the ill-starred king and his ambitious wife vividly and well, starting with the supposition that Draga was an opportunist, who married Masin in order to achieve a certain social position and who after his death (an accident which the author presents in the most sinister light), set out to win a still higher prize and to become Queen of Serbia.

Alexander, if Miss Harding's reconstruction is exact, was not a very difficult mark for a determined woman, and Draga's determination was almost fanatical. After her husband's death she had become an unaccredited lady in-waiting to Alexander's mother, who lived in exile at Biarritz. It was there that Alexander met her, while on a visit shortly after his coronation, and there that the plain and impressionable young man declared himself. Madame Masin was immediately hustled away by the Queen-mother, who could hardly be blamed for thinking it a poor marriage for her inexperienced Sasha.

It took more than an abrupt dismissal and an unfriendly Court to discourage Draga; she returned to Belgrade, and although not allowed to see the king, or even to correspond with him, since all her letters were intercepted before they reached him, she waited patiently for more than a year and, when her chance came, seized it. Alexander's affections were constant, and the ten years' difference in their ages only gave Draga added authority in dealing with a spoiled and immature character.

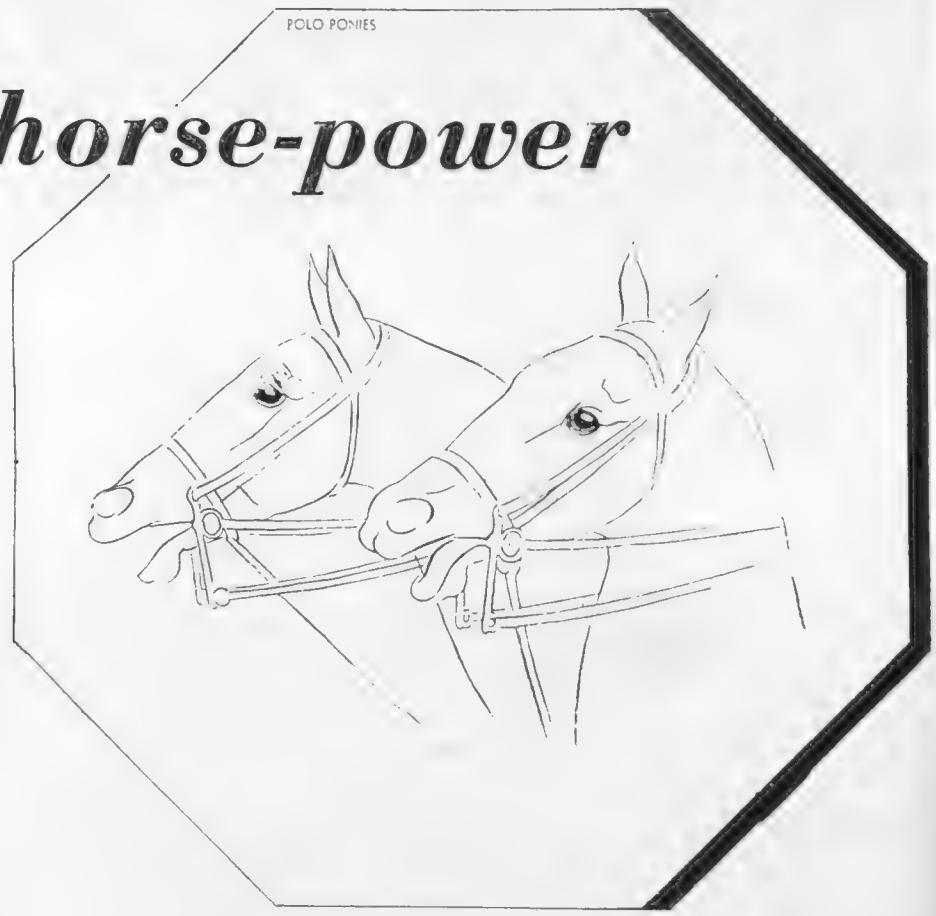
Draga had realised her ambition. She was Queen, and she had an adoring and dependent husband, but her little triumph had a pitifully short life. The Black Hand organisation, who supported the rival claims to kingship of the Karageorgevitch clan, were laying their plans, and in 1903 these were ready. The royal palace was invaded in the night by a large band of conspirators, many of them officers of the leading Serbian families, and the King and Queen were hunted from room to room. Finally they were found in a hidden wall closet, dragged out, and hacked to pieces. Their mutilated bodies were thrown out of the window for the morning crowds to see. The operetta had turned to brutal melodrama, but there was no curtain, no relief. It happened in 1903.

Miss Harding has nothing to learn about dramatic possibilities; from novel-writing to the film scenario should be a short step for her.

CHEMISTS ON WHEELS: A rear view of the travelling dispensary, manned by a British medical officer and native orderlies, which is now journeying through Transjordan to spread new health doctrines among the Beduin. The tribesmen in this area are suffering seriously from malnutrition owing to their poverty which is in turn due to the changed conditions under which they live since they have been stopped from enriching themselves in the old way—by raiding

TWO *extra horse-power*

WITH BP ETHYL BECAUSE IT



Banishes Pinking

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p.

By changing over to "BP" **Ethyl you** can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

THE KING as a SPORTSMAN

by the Men who have Hunted, Shot, and played games with him

• • •

An unique and exclusive Set of Biographical Sketches.

(many hitherto unpublished photographs)

• • •

A specially painted portrait of
HIS MAJESTY IN THE HUNTING FIELD
in full colours
and many other pictures in colour

CORONATION NUMBER

OUT MAY 7 — ONE SHILLING

There is no need to disturb or damage the decoration when wiring existing houses if you use the B.I. Rubber Twin Wiring System. With this safe and efficient system, the wires run unobtrusively along the surface. Write for Booklet of B.I. Wiring Systems suitable for every type of contract.

B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS

BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

THIS SUMMER
ENJOY YOUR LEISURE OUTDOORS

Have a sunshine room in your garden in which to read, write, lounge or entertain, as the mood dictates. Enjoy your leisure outdoors and benefit in health.

Send for Catalogue 992, which illustrates many designs

BOULTON & PAUL LTD.
NORWICH
London: Horseferry House, Horseferry Rd., S.W.1

GOLF and Walking Shoes

still look smart after years of wear

If you are fastidious about your footwear examine a pair of shoes that have "Veebex" Leather Uppers. You'll admire the fine character of this stout, polished chrome and you'll appreciate its wonderful pliability. And when you wear these shoes you'll be delighted with their comfort and wear.

Obtainable at all good shoe shops and in the well-known "ORAL" and "ROYAL and ANCIENT" brands.

The "Veebex" tie-on label is your guarantee.

if made with
"Veebex" LEATHER

WM PAUL LTD
OAK TANNERY
LEEDS

Scotland's Crown Jewels

(*Continued from page* 160)

The Scottish Coronation Ring is a curious one, and has been used at the crowning of many of our Sovereigns, unlike the English Coronation Ring, which is usually made especially for each King and Queen. This of Scotland is believed to have been the favourite ring of Mary Queen of Scots, and to have been constantly worn by her. She wore it at that last sad scene at Fotheringay and, before the end, handed it on for the use of James her son. When Charles I was crowned at Scone in 1633, he wore it on his finger; and once more it figured in a tragic scene, when, just before his execution he drew it from his finger and gave it to one of the bishops in attendance, to keep in trust for his son. James II carried it away with him, when he fled to the Continent. He was searched at Sheerness, but fortunately the sailor detailed to search him, failed to find it. Later it formed part of the gift of Stuart possessions made by Henry, Cardinal York, the last descendant of James II, to George IV. When William IV became King he decided that this most interesting Stuart relic should be restored to Scotland: and it is now to be seen with the rest of the Regalia in Edinburgh Castle.

The ring itself is of curious formation. The centre is a ruby, rather pale in colour with a cross engraved on it, a circle of diamonds surrounding it. It fastens with a joint, and has a spring and clasp. M. M. H.

The Late Gilbert Holiday

The many admirers of the work of the late Gilbert Holiday, whose recent death from injuries received in an accident in the hunting field has left so conspicuous a gap in the first flight of sporting painters, will be interested to learn that a memorial exhibition is to be opened on April 27 at the Sporting Gallery, 70, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

Gilbert Holiday served as a gunner in the war—in his young and "amateur" days he was a driver in the H.A.C.—and all his life he maintained close relations with the regiment, in which he had many friends. He was the painter of the Royal Artillery par excellence, and next in order, perhaps, his fame rests on his steeplechasing pictures. No one has ever depicted the spills and thrills of the Grand National with greater dash and *élan*.

THE CORONATION EXHIBITION

of the Royal Society of British Artists Opens Its Doors

"A LADY IN FANCY DRESS" BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.: An interesting canvas in the retrospective section of the Coronation Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists which opened on April 19. Faed is chiefly known for his genre pictures of Scottish life

In addition Holiday was adept in picturing hunting and polo, and indeed any sport which gave him a chance to draw horses. He has not left many pictures behind him, but the memorial exhibition includes examples of his work in every vein.

A Notable Day in the Art World

A new auction record for a work by Pieter de Hooch, a pupil of Nicholas Berchem, was set up last Monday when Messrs. Thomas Agnew, Ltd. of Old Bond Street, W., gave £17,500 for his "Dutch Courtyard," measuring 18½ ins. × 16½ ins., in the first of the four days sale of the Rothschild treasures at 148, Piccadilly (See THE SPHERE, March 27).

Bidding for the work opened at £1,000, and in less than a couple of minutes it was knocked down. The disappointed underbidder was Mr. van Beuningen, an Amsterdam collector, who had made a special journey to London.

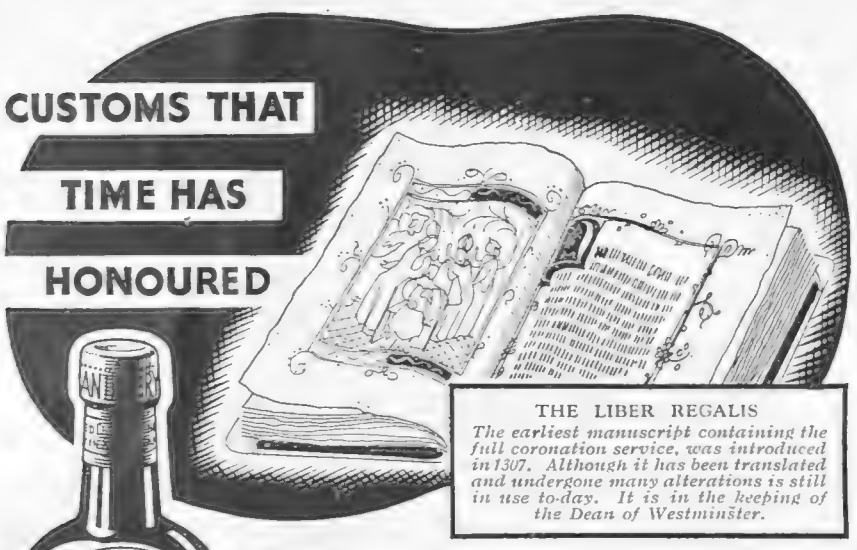
The previous auction maximum for a de Hooch was £11,666, given for his "Dutch Interior," at the famous Six sale, Amsterdam, in 1928.

Constable's Origins and Influence

A unique exhibition celebrating Constable's centenary opened at the Wildenstein Galleries, New Bond Street, on Wednesday, April 21. Instead of being confined to the works of the great English painter alone, it also contains pictures by other masters in whose works his origins and influence can be traced, ranging from Rubens to the modern British painters.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, President of the Society, will preside at the ninety-fourth Annual Meeting and Display of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1, on Thursday, April 29, at 3 p.m. The children from the various Homes and Training Ship will give displays. Visitors from Overseas will be heartily welcomed. There are still a few tickets for reserved seats at 5s. and 2s. 6d., and these may be obtained from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2



THE LIBER REGALIS

The earliest manuscript containing the full coronation service, was introduced in 1307. Although it has been translated and undergone many alterations is still in use to-day. It is in the keeping of the Dean of Westminster.

SILENCE is the appreciation that men reserve for the finest creations of Time. And men of experience have tried in vain to describe the mellow perfection of this fine old Liqueur Scotch Whisky—the first and best of its kind. But the fact that they always insist upon The "Antiquary," and enjoy it equally with water or soda, is sufficient proof of their appreciation.

Make it your Home Whisky!

Supplied only in quarts and magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

"The Antiquary"

THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

What is it that pleases the FLAKE smoker?

Some smokers like a tobacco with just that little extra strength. For these there is Airman Flake, a delightful blend slightly fuller in flavour than usual. If your taste calls for something different there are three other forms of Airman to choose from.

PLAYER'S AIRMAN FLAKE

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN MIXTURE OR NAVY CUT

10 PER OZ.

NAVY C. DE LUXE

B.A.55.G.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-renwnd htl of the Aust. Alps. 60m. from Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15s. up.

Hotel Erzherzog Johann of historic fame, sit. on the **Semmering Pass** & cen. of sports. Mod. cmfts. Pens. 10s. up. Same man. as G. Panhans.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap d'Antibes.—
Pavillon Eden Roc.
Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Stephanie Hotel.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pension fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Kurhaus.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne.
Opposite the cathedral.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec.'36. Rms. fr. RM.4, lav. & toil. fr. RM.6, pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne. — Hotel Meurice.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. The best First-class Hotel. Inclusive terms, 10s. Garden. Garage.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

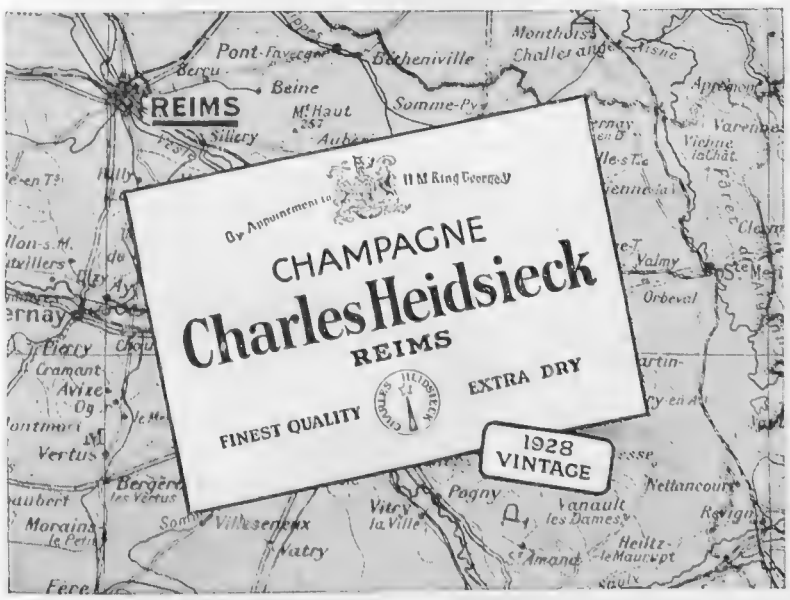
At the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to :—

PARIS OFFICE:
65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.



TO obtain the exactly right effect when you wear your tiara and coronet for the Coronation, you must go to a hairdresser who understands the preliminary requirements of these things. A hairdresser, in short, who has spent a life-time in creating hair styles for the leaders of fashion in the highest ranks of Society. Your coronet will remain comfortably and securely on your head if you have it fixed by Emile's special new devices. 'Phone or write in good time for an appointment with Emile. The sooner you do this the better.

EMILE LTD.

24/25, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). 'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

COMBINE A GOOD REST WITH A PLEASANT TIME AT

VITTEL

VITTEL, the Park Spa of Europe, is a place where the joy of living is heightened—or restored. You'll have a perfect rest—so necessary after the exciting but tiring round of Coronation festivities—and you will enjoy every minute of it!

The marvellous waters—"Grande Source" or "Source Hépar"—will relieve you of your burdensome fatigue—due to the stress of modern life, the faulty elimination of toxin—and if you suffer from arthritis or hepatic insufficiency a cure at Vittel, where the thermal establishment boasts of the latest equipment, will amaze you by its rapid, efficacious results.

You can easily find accommodation to suit your purse in Vittel, and if you like super-comfort you will enjoy visiting any one of the palatial hotels, the GRAND HOTEL, VITTEL PALACE and the "ERMITAGE."

Think of the restful hours of lazing . . . the health-giving air and sun baths in the special physical-culture park . . . swimming in the up-to-date pool . . . playing golf on the beautiful 18-hole course . . . tennis . . . watching the races . . . attending a smart soirée at the theatre . . . the Casino . . . but let us tell you more about Vittel . . . write for the free illustrated booklet to—

SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE DES EAUX MINÉRALES DE VITTEL, Vosges, France; FRENCH RAILWAY AND TOURIST OFFICE, 179, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1, or any Travel Agency.

VITTEL

FOR VITALITY

CROWN THE SEASON with a CRUISE

EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

yacht-like and luxurious, large and steady, famous the world over. Large airy staterooms, magnificent lounges, ample deck-space, Pompeiian and outdoor pools, Gymnasium, Promenades, etc. First class only. Membership limited.

JULY 10 (from Southampton).—Norwegian Fjords, Northern Capitals and U.S.S.R., visiting Bergen, Ulvik, Eidfjord, Stockholm, Leningrad (for Moscow), Helsingfors, Travemunde and Copenhagen.

20 days. Minimum Rate: 36 Gns.

JULY 31 (from Southampton).—The Dalmatian coast, Greece and Turkey, visiting Algiers, Dubrovnik, Kotor, Corfu, Athens, Istanbul (Constantinople) and Gibraltar.
21 days. Minimum Rate: 36 Gns.

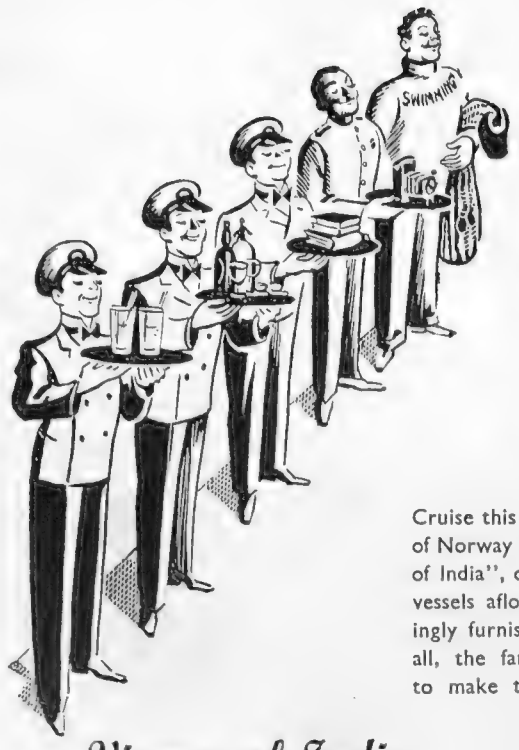
Also Sept. 25 (from Southampton) to Greece, the Holy Land and Egypt.
25 days. Minimum Rate: 43 Gns.

"In the Gulf of Kotor."
Photo: Yugo-Slav Express Agency

For Further Particulars—Your Local Agent, or

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S · GREATEST · TRAVEL · SYSTEM

Trafalgar Square London, W.C 2 *(WHItehall 5100)* and 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3. Liverpool, Southampton, Bristol Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, Belfast and Dublin.



THEY DO LOOK AFTER YOU..

Cruise this summer amid the peaceful beauty of Norway and the Baltic lands in the "Viceroy of India", one of the most beautiful cruising vessels afloat. Her fine, open decks, charmingly furnished rooms and cabins, and above all, the famous P. & O. service will help to make the voyage thoroughly enjoyable.

Viceroy of India CRUISES **FIRST CLASS ONLY**

JUNE 18	-	Norwegian Fjords 14 days — from 21 gns.
JULY 3	-	Fjords and North Cape 13 days — from 20 gns.
JULY 17	-	Stockholm, Zoppot, Copenhagen 13 days — from 20 gns.
JULY 31	-	Northern Cities 16 days — from 24 gns.

From Leith to Leith the fares are 3 guineas less and calls are made at this port outwards and homewards on all these cruises.

RESERVATIONS:
14, COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1
130, LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3
AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2 or LOCAL AGENTS

ON A **P&O CRUISE**

EUROPE'S HEALTH RESORT OF DISTINCTION IN THE BLACK FOREST · HOT SPRINGS 154° F FOR TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT AND CATARRH · SOCIAL AND ARTISTIC ATTRACTIONS · 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE · FISHING · SHOOTING GAMING CASINO OPEN THE WHOLE YEAR · ALL INFORMATIONS THROUGH GERMAN RAILWAY OFFICE 19 REGENT STREET, LONDON SW 1.

BADEN-BADEN

Travel Notes from Near and Far

Pilgrimages for the Gourmet : Danzig's Claims as a Holiday Centre : Seeing America in Forty-two Days

Southern Ireland.—In spite of the reluctant spring one's thoughts begin to turn to our own and neighbouring countrysides. Nowhere is the annual pageant better seen than in the Green Island when the gentians are out on the banks of the lakes of Connemara and the fisherman prepares his "dapping" tackle for encounters with the monstrous trout who only condescend to take surface-food in mayfly time. In comparison with England traffic is infinitesimal on the Irish roads, which, though not comparable as regards surface, are sometimes quite good and a relief to harassed English drivers. Ireland is easily reached from all parts of the country, either via Fishguard in Pembrokeshire or Holyhead in North Wales. Rail connections are provided from the principal centres in Great Britain.

"Gastronomic Italy."—This is the title of a fascinating pamphlet which has just reached us from "Enit," the Italian tourist bureau. Travelling gastronomically is nothing new, for indeed the Michelin guide of France has long been accustomed to mark those hostelries to visit which a special journey is worth while with three stars. But it is apt to be forgotten that Italy has been renowned for its food and drink since the days when Caesar was still engaged in subduing the savage Gauls. For instance, you may still enjoy the Falernian wine, which was the inspiration and subject of many of Horace's poems, near Naples; nibble in Piedmont the Grissini beloved of the great Napoleon; or verge on indiscretion in your appreciation of the Torta del Paradiso at Pavia. Having already thoroughly confused the courses we might also mention Fondua, also a Piedmontese delicacy in which white truffles are submerged in a cream obtained from melting a cheese from the valley of Aosta; the famous trout of Lake Maggiore; the fried Scampi of Venice, which is composed of small crustaceans; the cuttle-fish and artichokes of Rome; and the innumerable fruits of Sicily. With such a vast number of dishes, only a few of which there is space to mention, Italy would indeed seem to offer an almost endless number of pilgrimages to the gourmet.

Baltic Beach.—One is so accustomed to regard Danzig as one of the main problem centres produced by the Peace treaties that one is inclined to forget that this old stronghold of the Hanseatic League and its neighbouring pleasure resort of Zoppot provide ideal spots for a holiday in Northern Europe. Danzig is full of interest, from the magnificent Town Hall dating from 1378 and its chime of bells hung in 1561 to the "English House" built by one Dirk Lylie nearly four centuries ago, which is only one of the houses of the many old merchant princes still standing. At Zoppot nearby there is superb bathing from sandy beaches, riding, a casino, and the Forest Opera. This last, with its lovely natural backcloth, ranks second in importance as a home of Wagner only to Bayreuth. From either Danzig or Zoppot it is easy to reach Marienburg, most impressive stronghold of the Teutonic knights, and nearby stands the colossal national monument and the last resting place of the victor of Tannenberg.

A Japanese Cruising Liner.—For those who anticipate being exhausted by the Coronation festivities the opportunity of a brief interlude between junketings is offered by the ten-day cruise of the *Yasukuni Maru*, which leaves Tilbury for Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg on May 21, arriving back on May 30. She is an extremely comfortable boat, and the all-first-class fares at from £8 to £12 are really very moderate in price for this length of cruise. The cuisine is renowned. All particulars can be had of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company of 88, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or of any travel agency.

TO CRUISE IN EUROPEAN WATERS: The Japanese liner, *Yasukuni Maru*, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line, leaves Tilbury on May 21 for a ten-day cruise to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg. Details of fares are given in the accompanying notes

A GATEWAY TO ITALY: The rugged battlements of the Castle of Montebello, which overlooks Bellinzona and the Ticino

ROMAN FRANCE: The arcaded Temple of Diana or Nemansus in Nimes, which was probably connected in ancient times with the hot springs

THE PARIS EXHIBITION TAKES SHAPE: A corner of the Alsatian village in the "Provinces of France" section of the great international display now being prepared on the banks of the Seine

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Norway.—As most of the famous fjords of Norway are within easy reach of Bergen, we suggest that you make this town your centre and visit the Hardanger, Sogne, and Nord Fjords, either by car or by local steamer. There is a regular service from Newcastle to Bergen which takes twenty-one hours, or there is a slower service via Stavanger and Hangesund. You do not say how long you wish to spend in Norway; but if you have time, when you have visited the district round Bergen, go across to Oslo by train or motor-coach. Here you will find another type of country, less spectacular, but very lovely. Yes, you can visit the North Cape on small Norwegian vessels, and there is a regular service from Bergen, particulars of which are given in the enclosed pamphlet. The boats are very clean and comfortable, and this is quite one of the best ways to see the coast.

A Round Trip of America.—It would be possible for you to make a round trip from Liverpool via the Panama Canal to San Francisco–Vancouver and across the Rockies to New York and return to England on the Cunard or other service. The journey out could be made on the Furness Line and takes about thirty-five days. It would then take about five days for the journey across the continent plus another five or six days from New York to London, i.e., altogether approximately forty-two days. This, however, would mean that you would not stop en route; but we imagine that you will wish to make various breaks, in which case there will be no difficulty in getting connections. The Furness Line have fortnightly sailings, there is a regular train service to New York, and weekly sailings to England from the U.S.A. The approximate cost of the trip, with cabin class accommodation, would be £122.

Denmark.—We enclose herewith a booklet, *Holidays in Denmark*, and if, after reading this, you will let us know what resorts in particular appeal to you, we shall have pleasure in giving you any further information you may require. May we recommend Fano as being a good centre for you. You will observe that it has a good beach and caters for all tastes.

Brittany.—La Croisie is a picturesque fishing port about six miles from La Baule. The best hotel there is the Lassalle. It is not very big, there are only fifty rooms, but thirty-two of them have running water and the full pension terms are from 32 to 35 francs per day. There are three beaches the best of which is the Valentin, from which one can get good bathing, but there is no golf. La Baule would, however, provide you with golf and tennis and some excellent bathing, and if you decide to stay at La Croisie, you can go into La Baule by train or bus if you do not wish to take your car each time. This coast is extremely bracing, quite as much so in fact as that of North Cornwall. La Baule is of course very much more fashionable than La Croisie and would be crowded in July. The biggest hotels are expensive, but some of the smaller ones are very good, the Adriania (35 to 75 francs per day) the Armoric (40 to 70 francs per day) the Cecil (50 to 75 francs per day) and the Excelsior (30 to 45 francs per day).

THE SPA HOTEL enjoys the best position in **BATH**. It stands in its own beautiful grounds of nine acres. Hot and Cold Running Water. Luxurious Private Suites. Rooms, Doubles and Singles with Private Baths. En Pension Terms from **6 gns.** per week.

Telephone: Bath 4224/5/6 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

For Tariff apply to Manager.

GOLF COURSE WITHIN FOUR MINUTES OF THE HOTEL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*CANFORD CLIFFS . . . an Hotel of Quality where you will find the best food and wine, the best situation . . . and the best people. Built on the crest of the cliff with a beautiful view of Studland Bay . . . there is a feeling of freedom without intrusion. Golf without being driven into, bathe in summer without a crowd, dine without jostling . . . and sleep without a sound but for the sea. Private suites. Two En-Tout-Cas Tennis Courts. Private bathrooms. Lift. Garage for 40 cars. R. E. Whiston, Manager, will welcome your enquiries. Telephone: CANFORD CLIFFS 797. Telegrams: "Salubritas, **Bournemouth.**"*

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

VISIT **CANTERBURY**
AND **THE COUNTY HOTEL**

The Leading Hotel in the Centre of Historic Interest. Garage for 50 cars.

Tel. CANTERBURY 66. *Proprietor: Frank Mason*

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the path of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an early Spring holiday.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone Folkestone 2666

Surrey in Springtime

is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside will soon be bursting into bloom—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

BRAMLEY GRANGE HOTEL
NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY

Telephone: Bramley 195–6 *Telegrams: "Brassie, Bramley, Surrey"*

LLANDUDNO ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
(Fully Licensed)

Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 Cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate Tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. 'Phone: 6257.

HEADLAND HOTEL, NEWQUAY

Antiquarians and ornithologists!

There are 270 famous churches, thousands of monoliths and 21 rare bird species. For mere gluttons there are Cornish pasties, cream splits and saffron buns. But for everyone there is only one hotel, the Headland Hotel—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. Every room with a sea-view. Golf. Tennis. Surfing. Dancing. Write to S. Polglaze for "Have You Ever?" or the Headland in Pictures. 'Phone: Newquay 511 (3 lines)

'Phone 221 **THE ROYAL GLEN** Private Hotel
SIDMOUTH

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated :: in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade. ::

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

Happy Families at the Prince . . .

Seven golf courses for father—what a choice! Shops, cinemas, theatres, and all the gaieties of Lord Street for mother and plenty of sport, bathing, boating, fishing, tennis for the younger generation. Southport's always in the news for some show, championship or other. Families are happier after a few weeks at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy of course. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4131.

In Quest of

Continuing My Journey the Great

FROM Harrogate travelling northwards the Great North Road is regained at Boroughbridge. Here you will find a trio of excellent hotels, all owned by the same company and all far too busy to compete with anything but the flow of travellers northward or southward bound.

The first of these hotels, the Three Arrows, came to me as a very pleasant surprise, for I had somehow or other got it firmly fixed in my head that the Three Arrows was a remodelled country inn right on the main road. Instead I swept up a private drive and pulled up, a trifle ashamed of the bespattered appearance of my car, at the front door of a fine country mansion remodelled and equipped to serve the purpose of a first-class fully licensed hotel.

I peeped into the comfortable lounges, and was immensely struck with the sunny dining-room with its glass oval bay. I would like to compliment the someone who was responsible for the tasteful colour scheme of the bedrooms. One moment I decided the blue room should be mine on my next visit, but the next moment the grey and the pink rooms seemed equally inviting.

Walking around some of the 26 acres of grounds I came across a swimming pool in a most inviting setting. A pheasant got up at my feet and I am still wondering which was the more startled! A squirrel legged up a tree, and yet the Great North Road lay only 200 yards below, out of sight . . .

Having set my heart on staying at the Three Arrows it took me a few moments to re-adjust my outlook to appreciate the two other hotels owned by the same company—the Crown Hotel and the Three Greyhounds, which face each other, but I quickly grew to love them both.

There was in each the atmosphere of the old coaching days; the courtyard at the Three Greyhounds; the oak lounge and the old English bar, which really is old English, at the Crown. Both are so well run that it is impossible to prefer one to the other. But one thing is certain that Boroughbridge to-day enjoys its popularity as a halting place not only because it is a half-way house between Edinburgh and London but because the Three Arrows, the Three Greyhounds and the Crown are magnets of attraction in themselves.

Before continuing northwards there is one discovery which must be mentioned for as far as I know the idea is a complete novelty in this country, and that is the Hotel Cottages half a mile on the south side of Boroughbridge. The whole idea is to provide a little home of your very own for the night . . . or for nights. Each cottage is attractively furnished with one, two, or three bedrooms, with a sitting room, bathroom, veranda, central heating, electric light . . . and a wireless set. Meals are obtainable either in the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

BRIMPTON GRANGE HOTEL Near WHEATLEY, OXFORD

A.A. ★ ★ ★ "THE HOTEL WITH A WELCOME." R.A.C.

11 acres delightful grounds and gardens. Tennis. Riding. Dancing.

FULLY UP-TO-DATE. FULLY LICENSED.

Write to F. Lionel Bruford for beautifully illustrated brochure, or 'phone Great Milton 6.

Falmouth for the Holidays

Sailing, motoring, walking, idling in charming surroundings . . . staying at a first-class hotel

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

A.A. R.A.C.

delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable. Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

Write to D. Baker for details. *Telephone: Falmouth 440-1.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

of Exploration Along North Road

central cottage or for an extra charge on the veranda, or in your own cottage. The cost per night for a cottage with one bed seemed absurdly cheap at 12s. 6d. exclusive of breakfast, but Lady Lawson-Tancred who owns these cottages evidently knows what she is about for she is now having to build several more.

The road from Boroughbridge to Catterick is as level as a bowling green and as fast as a racing track. About six miles south of Catterick I came to Newton House Hotel—another surprise in a day of surprises. When I tell you that this hotel boasts not only its own golf course and swimming pool, but its own air park and landing ground, you may conjure up in your mind some super modern concrete building designed to attract the masses. Actually, Newton House is the direct opposite of the twentieth-century road house. It is stately and hospitable. It is a lordly mansion where the old ideas of home and modern comforts blend happily.

Everything is in extremely good taste—the furnishings, the service, and the catering. One feels a little expensive staying there; yet the charges are quite the reverse. Double bedrooms from 12s. 6d. to 18s.; lunch, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.; dinner, 6s.—and very well worth it.

There is so much one could say about Newton House Hotel, but, alas! space does not permit. Let me leave Newton House Hotel by saying you cannot stop at every worth-while hotel on the Great North Road, but here you *must* contrive to halt one day to enjoy what I shall hope to enjoy again myself.

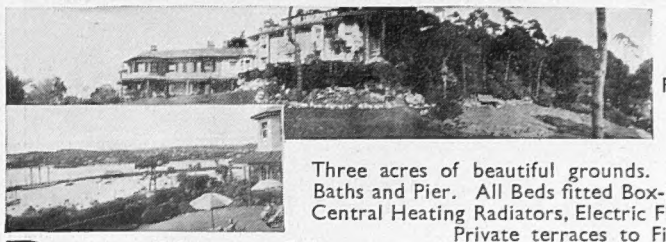
The trouble is that six miles on at Catterick is another hotel which must also one day be visited and revisited more thoroughly, and that is the Bridge House, Catterick. Here again you will detect a note of refinement, and sense that the proprietor has been accustomed to everything being done in just the right way. The fact that it is not in the A.A. book is of no account. I give it a very good three stars with one more for the delightful view from the attractive dining-room which overlooks Catterick Bridge and the River Swale.

Four miles farther on one comes to Scotch Corner, where many a motorist has argued the point as to which is the better route to Scotland, turning left at Scotch Corner via Carlisle, or continuing by the Great North Road, the A1 road through Newcastle.

I shall hope in later issues to deal with the points for and against the various routes with further suggestions as to where to eat and sleep on and off the road.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels both large and small known to him personally. Letters should be addressed c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

THE HOTEL WITH THE "GRAND-STAND" POSITION . . . overlooking Torbay



30 SUNNY BEDROOMS FACING SOUTH AND SEA

Three acres of beautiful grounds. One minute Spa Baths and Pier. All Beds fitted Box-Springs. H. & C., Central Heating Radiators, Electric Fires all Bedrooms. Private terraces to First Floor Rooms. Covered Veranda and Vita-Glass Sun Lounge. Tennis (hard court). Special diets if required. Send for Illustrated Brochure which gives full particulars of moderate, inclusive terms.

PARK HALL HOTEL TORQUAY 'Phone 3434.

Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

And here is peace . . . .

Here stands the Spa in a pleasant green oasis of lawns and trees in 60 acres of parkland, 400 feet up facing the southern sun. Sporting golf course in the grounds. Solid comfort, quiet and hospitality, plus the usual attractions of Tunbridge Wells in early Spring await visitors to

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

85 rooms and suites. Private Bathrooms. Cooking and service of a high degree of excellence. Before deciding on your Whitsun holiday, write S. P. HANCOCK, Director, for tariff-booklet, entitled "*And Here is Peace.*" Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911.

NOT AN HOTEL . . . or a Guest House, but something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . or a coal fire; just lift the receiver and receive. Come and see

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550.*

—The Garden Hotel for the London Season—

20 minutes from town, a charming garden-hotel, luxuriously decorated and appointed, and Fully Licensed. A cheerful, restful headquarters for the coming London Season, and for all the social and sporting events of the South. Sun balconies and terrace. 400 ft. up, facing South. Terms from 4½ gns. Write to the proprietress or 'phone: WIMbledon 0811.

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL

THE DOWNS WIMBLEDON

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 4½ guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

EDINBURGH

THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6 **Melville Crescent** *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

Polished Oak . . .

and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other . . . a charming, modernised, eighteenth-century coaching house. Glorious Devon at your doorstep. A first-class cuisine and cellar.

Royal Clarence Hotel

A.A. EXETER R.A.C.

—the hub of glorious Devon—

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure.

Telephone: 4071-2.

Telegrams: "Royal Clarence, Exeter."

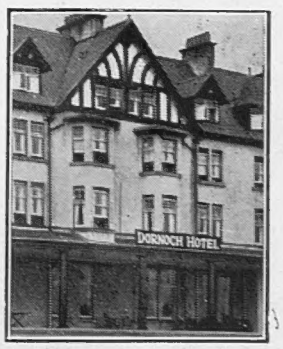
DORNOCH HOTEL

DORNOCH

Open May to September

Adjoining Royal Dornoch Golf Club
AN HOTEL OF INFINITE CHARM
WHERE SUMMER DAYS ARE LONGEST

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY L M S



Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

A DE LUXE HOTEL
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.)

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

PERTH, STATION HOTEL

(Adjoins Station)

100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water.
Central Heating throughout.
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., and V.M. appointments. Telephone 741.

AN IDEAL CENTRE FOR THE CORONATION.

UPCROSS HOTEL, READING

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARM IN DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, NEAR RIVER THAMES AND WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF LONDON.
EVERY MODERN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. LOCK-UP GARAGES.
Write to the Resident Proprietors for Tariff and Illustrated Brochure.

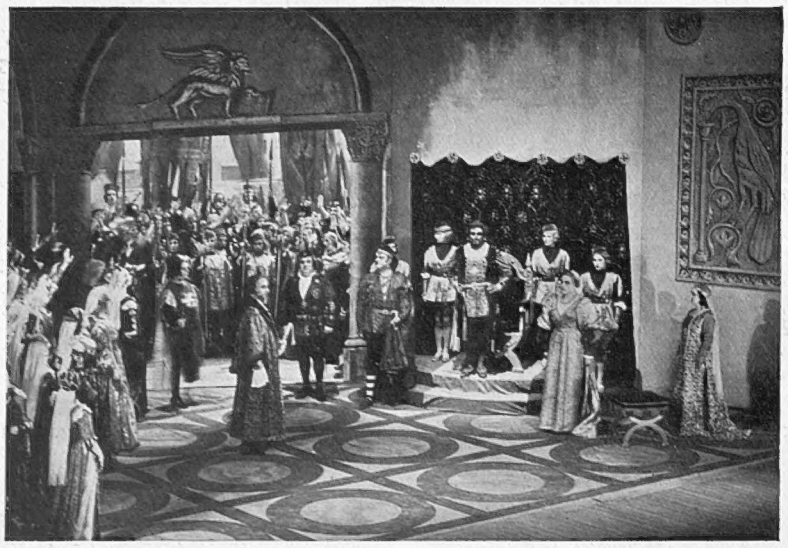
R.A.C. Appointed. TELEPHONE 319211

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

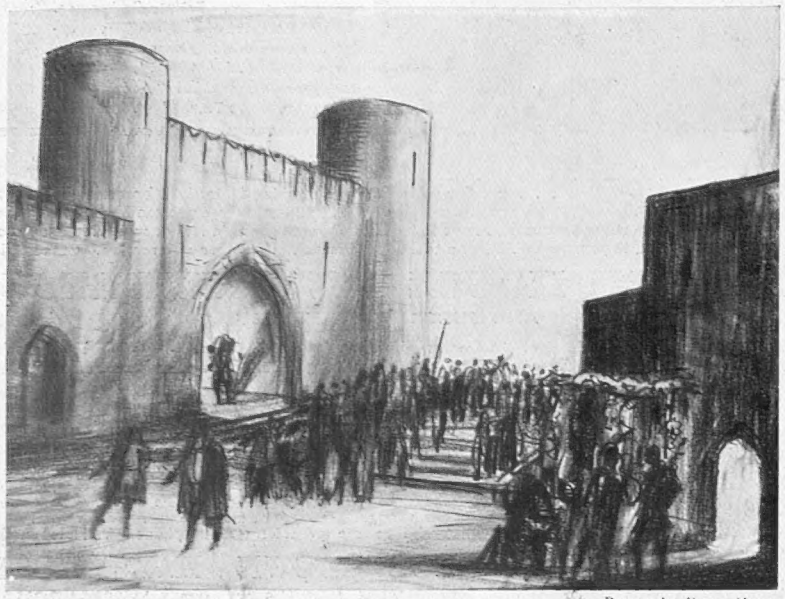
where Summer is months ahead of the calendar. Come early this year; enjoy our flowers, our glorious climate, our pleasant, healthy way of life, our cooking, our comfortable hotel. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. COLLEY.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —



ITALY SETS THE BALL ROLLING AT COVENT GARDEN: Otello (Giovanni Martinelli) receives the delegation from Venice and hears the news that he has been deposed from the governorship of Cyprus. A scene from Act III of Verdi's *Otello*, the first production of the Coronation Season of International Opera which was received with tremendous enthusiasm when presented last Monday. Martinelli's interpretation of the title role was masterly



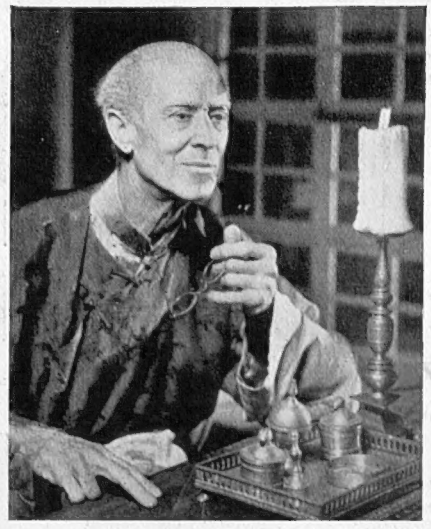
Drawn by Percy Howe

BEFORE THE CASTLE, CYPRUS: The magnificent setting for the first act of *Otello*. Here it is that the Moor and Desdemona are acclaimed by the people following their arrival, and that Iago sets afoot his deep-laid plans

RANK AND FASHION CONGREGATE: The scene in the great auditorium at the Royal Opera House during the singing of "God Save the King" on the first night

"OTELLO" at COVENT GARDEN

On left—THE SCHEMING IAGO (played by Cesare Formichi), ever at the side of his master Otello (Giovanni Martinelli), slowly but surely poisons his mind against Desdemona. Formichi gives Iago a certain bluffness that one does not usually associate with the character of the subtle, evilly-intentioned lieutenant



THE CHIEF DISCIPLE OF THE HIGH LAMA: *Left*—H. B. Warner as he was made up for the part of Chang in the £400,000 film *Lost Horizon*. *Right*—The appearance of Chang as visualised by the well-known illustrator Dan Grossbeck who supplied a series of drawings to guide the producer in his task of giving the picture verisimilitude

PILGRIMS to EREWHON

A Potted Impression of the "Lost Horizon" Première at the Tivoli

THE leaves of a book flap over, assuring us that we are all longing for a Utopia.

At once a mad night whirl of hundreds of Central Asians and some Europeans rushing hither and thither on an aerodrome (in real life it might be Sinkiang or thereabouts). Europeans being rescued by planes from Shanghai. Ronald Colman as Robert Conway presumed to be organising. He and the last Europeans bundle into a plane which arrives in the nick of time. Some dirty work in the dark.

Close-ups in plane interior. The great Conway who has accomplished mysterious deeds abroad is according to brother, to be made Foreign Secretary—in opposition to all previous usage. Companions, a very mixed bag, including a young hussy, tuberculous and hysterical. American financier first to perceive plane going in wrong direction—away from Shanghai. The great Conway does nothing until goaded to action by brother. Mongolian pilot discovered. Fierce fellow—wields revolver. None of the party possesses arms.

On and on through the Himalayas (or some other snowy heights nearer home). Dizzy work. Engine peters out—grinding crash. Snow and wind. Passengers, comic and idiotic by turns. No food on board. Situation saved for the great Conway by appearance of snow-covered Tibetans. Leader talks perfect English. Awful climb begins—up and up. Is it symbolic? At last a vision of the Seraphic Valley and a first glimpse of the huge lamasery set neatly ensconced in nearby scenery. Rapid descent to Erewhon. Birds, artificial blossoms, and immense white columns. We are in the Great Set.

Wonderful leader, all this time, has paid little attention to his fellow passengers and is particularly callous towards the stray girl, who coughs and coughs.

First glimpse of romance. Fair Western maiden appears on balcony. All the visitors assume Tibetan garments. Gorgeous meal—huge silver-plated tureens. The major-domo Chang explains that Shangri-la has no communication with the outer world except at rare intervals of several years. Conway puzzled, for the whole lamasery is packed with old master portraits from the West. Mysterious air over position of the party. Brother wants return of expedition.

THE ABORTIVE REBELLION AT SHANGRI-LA: Conway (Ronald Colman) has to "down" his own brother during a threatening situation. An episode from *Lost Horizon* at the Tivoli. Note the old masters adorning one of the splendid stairways of the monastery

Instead, Chang talks anti-war propaganda of usual pattern to Conway. "Moderation" is the keynote of the valley's governance, except in the matter of architecture. Chang is under the impression that Ronald Colman has written some philosophical books but in that he is clearly mistaken. The great Conway discovers that he has been lured to Shangri-la by a maiden who is under the same delusion as Chang. She is of uncertain age—she looks twenty, but may be fifty or sixty, such is the preservative nature of life in the valley. In any case, permanent waving and up-to-date dresses are obtainable, together with the latest volumes from the West.

Descent into the Happy Valley by Conway. Heroine discovered teaching a class of little Mongolian children—the whole in the perfect L.C.C. manner: all talk Anglo-American. Tallow candles, the potter's wheel and dust raising sheep, proclaim the note of Utopian simplicity. There is as much dust in the valley as there is snow on the mountains.

But we must not forget the Great Lama, who may be 250 years old—he certainly looks a fearsome age. He pours out a long stream of standard pattern anti-war talk, and finally hands over Shangri-la to Conway—and expires. Awful situation. Conway must stay. Brother urges flight. A second heroine plots in aid, risking a Rider Haggard fate in order to accompany brother.

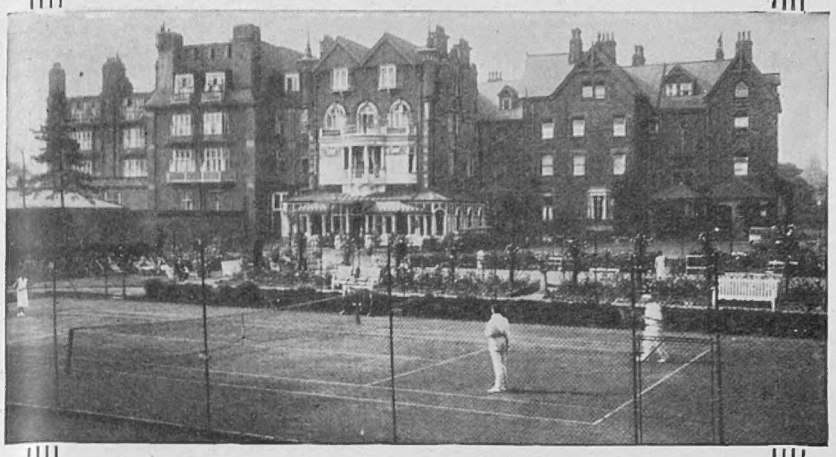
The night of the flight at Shangri-la. Torchlight procession with a thousand naphtha flares through Ideal Home Exhibition. The three set out, watched by Chang. Awful journey begins. Porters prove villains. Fire revolvers and guns, which bring down an avalanche. Scores of supers submerged.

Audience stunned. Heroine number two succumbs—face turns to that of an old Mongolian woman. Brother loses his nerve and glissades to death. The great leader alone among every glacial terror.

Reaches civilisation—a flash to the Cabinet, hungering for their new Foreign Minister. But Conway breaks away, and fights desperately back to the Hidden Valley, as is faithfully recounted in a Pall Mall Club. Drinks all round to Shangri-la.

But John Bunyan did it better in Bedford jail.

THE CAIRN HYDRO
HARROGATE
for Health & Pleasure



★ Luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. Moderate terms which include afternoon tea, coffee after dinner, billiards, dancing every evening, tennis (professional coach). Artistic illustrated brochure free from—
The Manager (Dept. 4), The Cairn Hydro, Harrogate ★

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—The Spa Hotel. Tel. 4224-5-5.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

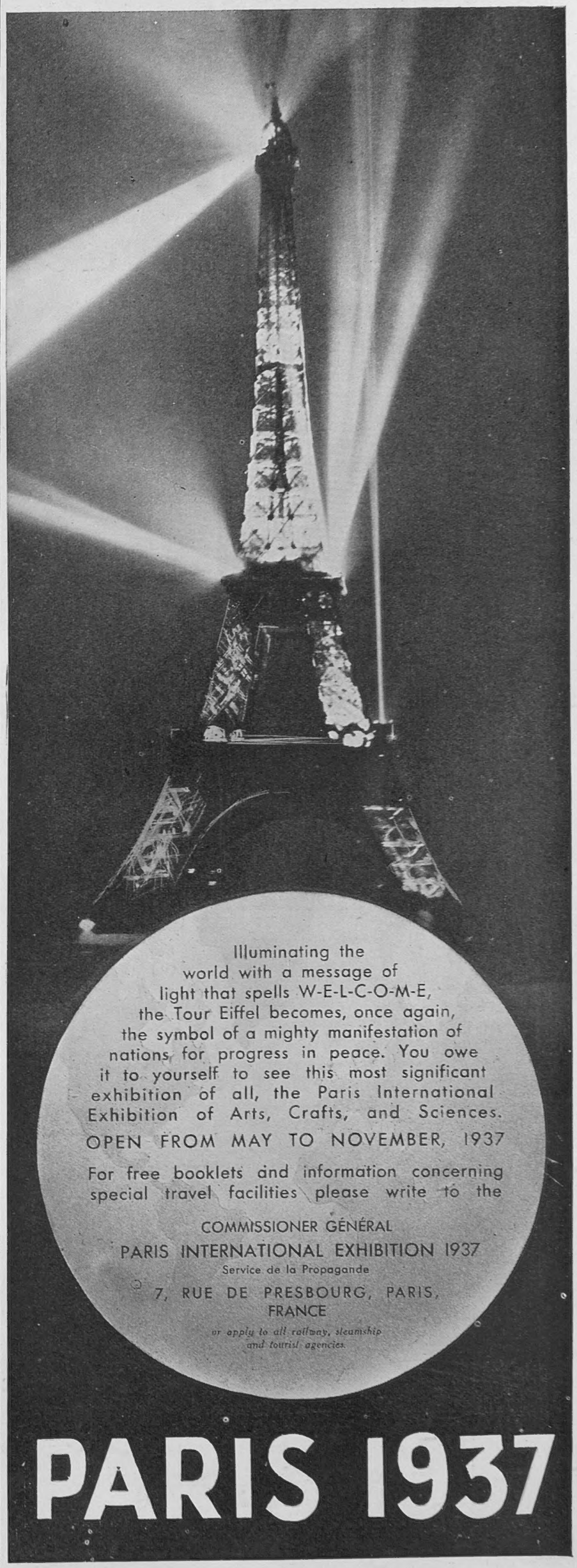
Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 424.
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300



You are advised to place an order now for the

CORONATION

NUMBERS OF

The SPHERE

CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBER
ON SALE MAY 8 – TWO SHILLINGS

"Heralding the Coronation" is the note of the issue of The "SPHERE" immediately preceding the great week. The cover which shows a gay herald on a spirited horse reflects this note. There is a wealth of colour illustrations dealing with the ceremony both as regards this year's function and in the past. In fact, the reader will be prepared by a perusal of this issue with all necessary knowledge of the Coronation, thereby making the festivities of the following week all the more interesting.

CORONATION RECORD NUMBER
ON SALE MAY 15 – TWO SHILLINGS

The Coronation issue will contain all possible actualities of the great ceremony in the Abbey and the scenes during the drive, when the crowned King and Queen are seen by a multitude of spectators. Beautifully produced pictures in colour will tell the story of outstanding incidents of the celebration; for both this section and the black and white record some of the best artists of the day have been enrolled. Camera pictures of the procedure in the Abbey itself will be a remarkable feature and no scene en route between Palace and Abbey will go unrecorded.

The demand for the Coronation Numbers of The Sphere is likely to be exceedingly heavy, and for production reasons there is a risk of disappointment unless ordered beforehand. To make sure of your copies, you are advised to place an order now with your regular bookstall or newsagent.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD. 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*April* 24, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.